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THE PARLIAMENT OF BIRDS

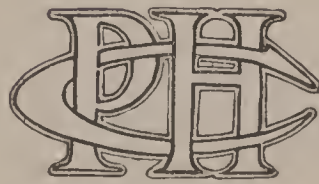
The Parliament of Birds

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ELISE EMMONS

Author of "Summer Songs Among the Birds": "Winter Songs
Among the Snow": "Spring Songs Among the Flowers"
"Autumn Songs Among the Leaves"



The Christopher Publishing House
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DEDICATED

to

My Father

FOREWORD

Elise Emmons, whose Poems now appear for the first time in an American edition, is a member of a family always associated with traditions of Art and Letters. The Hon. Wayman Crow, of St. Louis, the well known patron and friend of Artists, was her maternal grandfather; it was he whose insight recognized the gift of Harriet Hosmer, and to his encouragement and aid she owed all that enabled her genius to hold its right of way and achieve success. Matthew Arnold found in Mr. Crow a sympathetic friend, who entertained the English essayist and poet in his St. Louis home.

Mrs. Lucien Carr, whose biographical memoir, ("Harriet Hosmer; Letters and Memoirs") is a valuable contribution to literature, is the eldest daughter of Mr. Crow; and his second daughter, Mrs. Edwin Cushman, is the editor and compiler of that very unique book of occult literature, "Insight," the origin of which has baffled critics as well as Mrs. Cushman herself. She too, was a poet, and a little collection of her verse, privately printed, is treasured by many a lover of poetry.

Mr. Crow's youngest daughter, Mrs. Robert Emmons, loved England, where her married life was chiefly spent; and when, (in 1917), she passed to the life more abundant, it is hardly strange that in the quiet days that followed, the poetic instinct of her daughter found expression. Days of illness, days of enforced inaction, were yet illumined for Miss Emmons by faith and vision. In the lovely surroundings of her home in Leamington there were voices in the air, and the little verses fell rapidly upon her as she lingered in the garden among rose-trees, or watched for stars and sunsets. Something in their sympathy with so many phases of life, and the sweet-

FOREWORD

ness and love that breathed through every line, met a wide answering response. They voiced the ideals of life on which her mother had tenderly reared her, and many invalids, and others in sorrow, sent responsive thanks for some sunny gleam.

The little volumes previously published, from which the present selection is made, bear the titles of "Summer Songs Among the Birds": "Winter Songs Among the Snows": "Spring Songs Among the Flowers", and "Autumn Songs Among the Leaves". Copies of all these have been graciously accepted by Queen Mary, and Queen Alexandra, and by the royal bride, Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, and the poem, "A Royal Lady," was published by the Queen's permission.

Poetic feeling may reveal itself in many ways, and not least among these is that sweetness and good cheer in which this little collection abounds.

Lilian Whiting.

PREFACE

Perhaps many readers are not aware that Chaucer wrote a poem—quite a long one—entitled “The Assembly of Foules” or “The Parliament of Birds.” I myself did not know of it until about a month after my poem had been published, when the information came from a young Oxford undergraduate (a relation), who wondered if I had taken the name from Chaucer’s old poem! This is only another example of the truth of that ancient proverb, which declares that “There is nothing new under the Sun.”

If my American friends and readers can find a place for these Poems in their hearts, it will make glad the writer, and their mission will have been fulfilled.

E. E.

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The Parliament of Birds

The Birds of Earth in conclave met one day
Before a Man their grievances to lay,
Said they, "Our family is now so vast
'Tis time these things were remedied at last,
And if we can just sing our troubles out,
The World will know what it is all about!"

So, in a field they gathered, where some trees
Stood in full leaf, and rustled in the breeze.
They perched in branches, or sat on the ground,
While cows and sheep in wonder stood around,—
And thus the Parliament of Birds began
To lay its grievances before the Man!

He in some way, unknown to most, had learned
To understand Bird talk, and had not spurned
The tiny birds, who gathered near his door,
But oftentimes would watch them—more and more
Delighted with their pretty winsome ways,
Their graceful shapes, and cheerful songs of praise.

He ever loved to mark their gladsome flight—
Aspiring thoughts they brought to his mind's sight,
And as he watched them soar into the clouds,
He marveled at the instinct which these crowds
Of feathered creatures often could display,
In all their ways of living day by day.

So now outspoke a Swallow in these words,—
"My Lord, Man King, and other fellow Birds,
I ask you why some foolish beings will
Not here be guided by our flying skill,
Which is directed to inform you when
Rain is expected, or when Sun again
Shall brightly shine. Why will they always seek
Barometers to study, week by week?
It hurts our feelings to be thus passed by,
When we can teach them by the way we fly!"

"Dear Swallow," answered the Man King, "you know

That some folk cannot see you as you go—
For they are shut in fast behind brick walls,
Where only the Barometer that falls
And rises, shows the probability
If wet or fine the coming weather be!"

A Nightingale sang out, "I ask you why,
When we are carolling up towards the sky,
A music that is hardly rivalled there,
People will seek far from the open air
In concert rooms, or halls, or opera stall
For other music, their souls to enthrall—
Why other melodies should they prefer
Than those we offer, their dear hearts to stir?"

"Variety, my friend, sweet Nightingale,
Has never yet been known on Earth to fail
In pleasing men, and you have rivals there—
The ladies' voices are so wondrous fair
That, as he listens, the enchanted male
Declares them 'sweeter than a Nightingale'!"

The Owl spoke next: cried he in tone sedate,
"Somehow, I always seem to wake too late
To see the best things that the daylight brings,
And when the night has fallen, no Bird sings!
So I gaze on a moonlit, quiet world,
Nor see the flowers, for their petals curled,
Are closed up mostly, thro' their rest at night,
And so I miss that joyous, happy sight!"

The Man replied, "Yet, still you have the stars,
Can hear the soft winds blow, hear the Night-jars,
Behold the Silver Moon shine o'er the house,
Catch oftentimes, a wandering grey mouse;
Enjoy the far-famed beauties of the Night,
Nor faint beneath the Sun's too dazzling light!
You must admit you lead a restful life,
And mostly sit apart from the World's strife!"

A Thrush then stuttered forth in rage,
"They've put my brother in a cage!—
It is a perfectly cruelty
To show a bird indignity
Like this—a sweet thing, free and wild,
Of Nature, too, the perfect child—
One who the hedgerows would adorn,
Or crown a blossoming hawthorn;
Whose speckled bosom swells with pride,
As carolling the brook beside,
He pours his whole soul forth in song,
Nor would another creature wrong!
To shut him in a narrow cage—
Ah, me! let this your thought engage!"

Moved with compassion, spoke the Man,
"I grieve for you! Your brother can
No longer freely fly, and rove
Across the meadows, or above
Gaily ascend to perch on boughs
Of trees, and yet he can arouse
Joy in the hearts of all by song,
And cheer Mankind, tho' he belong
A prisoner to the happy few
Who own him, and who love him true!
There still are many thrushes free,
Who live not in captivity;
Remember this, and seek to be
Resigned to your calamity!"

The Peacock next spoke loud and shrill,
"I hope no one will take it ill
If I complain that while we rise
Above most Birds with our bright eyes,
Our gorgeous tails, and plumage fine,
Which shows so gay in the sunshine,
'Tis hard our voice should be so shrill,
That some folk say it makes them ill
To hear us cry across a lawn—
They wonder we should have been born
To look so great, and sing so small,
And this we do not like at all!"

The Man replied, "You can't expect
In one small compass to collect
The charms of all the other birds,
So let me tell you in few words
That gifts must here divided be,
Nor given out too lavishly
To anyone! So be content,
Tho' to your beauty is not lent
The charm of song, which others own,
Who ravish men with their sweet tone.
You play your part, and strut with grace
Across the lawns of private place,
In garden, or on castle wall
You stand and are admired by all!
Let this suffice—to others leave
The singing quality, nor grieve.

The Cuckoo next, with voice confused,
Proclaimed that he had been accused
Of imitating certain clocks
Which, stationary in carved box,
Yet shouted out, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
And this, he stated, was not true.
For long ago, he learned his note,
And got it carefully by rote,
E'en before clocks invented were,
And here he made so great a stir
That all the other birds laughed loud,
And whispers passed among the crowd—
"We think that he has not confessed
That he can't make himself a nest,
Which is a nuisance to the rest
Of us. For he invades our homes,
And when he's grown, away he roams,
Nor says in gratitude, 'Thank you!'
But cries, 'I'm off! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!'
So he departed in a huff,
Muttering, "O! enough! enough!"

A Magpie then rose up and cried,
I ask you, now, Man King, decide
If there is any reason why
A person who doth see us fly
Should be considered as unlucky,
Tho' he meet life with aspect plucky?

And why should men say, "O! you must
Bow seven times toward the dust
If you a magpie do behold?"
The folly of this makes one bold
To seek in some way for redress,
That shall wipe out such foolishness!"

The Judge and Arbiter of Birds
Laughed when he heard the Magpie's words!
"It is not possible, I fear,
From superstition men to clear!
Their minds will still such fancies hold —
They are clung to by young and old!
Some even say that a bird may
Be caught, and taken any day
If just a little salt you place
Upon his tail! What a disgrace!
For who can come so near a bird
As to spread salt? It is absurd!
I greatly fear, O Magpie dear,
That silly fancy lingers here,
And cannot yet removed be,
So fly you back to yonder tree!"

A Robin next came on, with head
Of brown, and breast of brilliant red.
And something 'twas like this he said:
"In Winter when I come in view,
I meet a welcome warm and true,
The people laugh with unfeigned glee,
And cry aloud most cheerfully—
'Ha! there he is, the little Robin!
How gracefully he comes a-bobbin
All up and down, now Winter's here!
He is a perfect little dear!
With that red breast against the snow,
They love to see me, that I know!
But when the Summer suns are hot,
The people seem to see me not!
And tho' I hop among the roses,
The Ladies just turn up their noses,
And never give a word of praise,
Nor seem to notice—tho' I laze
About all day, amid the bushes,
And watch the Blackbirds and the Thrushes!"

“Well, well!” replied the great Man-King,
“You must not mind this little thing!
You have your place at Christmas-time,
And poets place you oft in rhyme!
While you on Christmas Cards are seen
More often than the King and Queen.
What greater honour can there be
Than thus to rival royalty?
I would not fret if I were you
That sometimes you are lost to view.
Nothing can always be in season,
And birds must rest sometimes—that’s Reason!”
So Robin puffed his little breast,
And hopped away, to make the best
Of this advice, which well he knew
Was friendly counsel—wise and true!

The Blue-tit next chirped out, “Our fav’rite food,
The cocoanuts so sweet, with flavour good,
Here in this climate cold do not grow out—
We have to search for them around about!
Some folk remember, and some folk forget
To hang them for us, just where we can get
At their rich meat—milky, and white, and sweet,
Without at all wetting our tiny feet!”

Surprised, the Man King answered, “You amaze
Me with this grievance! ’Tis almost a craze!
Dear little Tits, I fear that in wet weather
Some careless folk forget you altogether!
The World, so big, is full of larger Birds,
Unless you can somehow make known your words,
And clearly manifest what things you want,
Your satisfaction often will be scant!”

Then several Hens from the barnyard
Came clucking, “It is rather hard
That when a lovely egg we’ve made,
And in a quiet spot it’s laid,
Someone is sure to come that day
And steal our fair new egg away!
Now if it had been left awhile,
So Time could on our efforts smile,
A lovely chick we might have hatched,
And all its happy growing watched
Till it could walk about and strut!”

The Man King answered, "Tut! tut! tut!
You know that eggs were made to eat!
And from their most nutritious meat
Mankind great benefit derive,
And little children on them thrive!
Indeed few things are more desired
Than good fresh eggs, and oft required--
So rest content when people take
Your eggs, for welcome food they make!"

A Cock next sang out loud and clear,
"You know my name is Chanticleer!
And I'm engaged to sing at dawn,
And tell the world that it is morn--
Suggest they ope their sleepy eyes,
And gaze with joy on the sunrise!
Yet half the world will stay in beds,
Nor lift their somewhat lazy heads!
I crow and crow, but still in vain--
The folk will drop asleep again!
What use for me to sing at all,
If no one answers to my call?"

The Man King smiled—"We know the world
At early dawn is mostly curled
In happy, drowsy, slumbrous sleep,
Absorbed in dreaming dreams so deep
That they to you oblivious are--
Their spirits soar and wander far
From thoughts of rising to behold
Dawn's beauties, ere they have grown old!
And, mark my words, oft when you call
Mankind do not hear you at all!"

Then suddenly amid the hush
Of the assembly, spoke a Thrush,
"I have but one complaint to make,
And hope you no offence will take--
My speckled coat of brown and white
Too simple is by day and night.
I wear it till I am quite tired,
For other Birds are more admired--
And yet I think my song is sweet
As any other Bird's you meet!
Perhaps somehow a little change
Of plumage you could just arrange?"

The Man King answered, "My dear Thrush,
I beg you will these murmurs hush!
We love to see you—coat well worn—
Hopping about the garden lawn!
Its mottled brown accords so well
With foliage of each leafy dell.
We are so very glad, you see,
To hear your cheerful melody,
That we don't care for plumage rare,
But much prefer to know you're there,
So please, dear Thrushes, be content,
Let joy with music all be blent."

A thunderstorm then drawing nigh
Caused all the birds away to fly,
And the Man King himself, alone,
His steps retracing one by one,
Sought shelter in a leafy wood,
And as beneath the trees he stood,
The whole thing was just like a dream!—
And yet he thought each bird did seem
To have a grievance of its own,
And no one without heart of stone
Could fail to listen and be moved
By all their troubles, tho' they proved
Not easy here to remedy.
For God created birds to be
Governed by laws to suit their kind,
Nor could a Man's more finite mind
Improve on such a wondrous plan
Prevailing since the world began.

When next the birds sought that same ground,
The Man King was not to be found!
And so the Birds' quaint Parliament
Dissolved, and was not permanent.

DREAMS!

If my dreams come gently flowing,
Ever day by day;
If their light is past my knowing,
Shall I say them nay?

Lies not hidden in the future
Something well worth while,
Shall I not trust, hope, and gather
Strength for every mile?

Blind and faltering—treading—stumbling
Onward must we go!
Still the murmuring—hush the grumbling,
It is better so!

Dream again, then live your dreaming,
Make your life so full
Of kind thoughts and active scheming,
When the heart-strings pull.

Sometime you shall wake to rapture
Beyond Earthly day.
There your dreams you may recapture,
Keeping them for aye!

A WELCOME TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

On the occasion of his visit, June 14th, 1923.

We welcome the Prince to our Leamington Spa!
Tho' seas he has traversed, and lands near and far,
We incline to believe that this beautiful place
May equal all others, in charm and in grace.

Our hearts are as loyal as any he's found,
And beating with longing to show him around!
Where the Pump Rooms and Gardens lie sheltered
and fair,
The whole town to see him is gathering there!

So gallant and brave is this young Prince of ours,
We count him as one of the World's greatest
powers
To further the feeling of Love and Goodwill,
Which through all the ages should govern us still!

Right princely in heart, and most noble in
thought,
Where pathways are steepest, his course he has
fought—
Let us follow his leading—his tact never fails—
O welcome, loved Edward—our dear Prince of
Wales!

LITTLE FEET

Little feet can swiftly go
Thro' the slush and o'er the snow!

Little feet seem shod with wings,
Doing multitudes of things!

Little feet are blessed indeed,
Hastening by with happy speed!

Little feet can work for God,
Following where the Saints have trod.

Little feet may comfort bring,
Causing happy hearts to sing!

Little feet are full of glee,
Dancing, skipping merrily!

Little feet tread cautiously
Where the sick and weary be.

Little feet may help the old
In a thousand ways untold!

Little feet, O may you be
Always close and dear to me!

CHRISTMAS TIME

O! Christmas is a-comin', and a-comin' round
again!
We welcome it with gratitude, and that is very
plain;
It comes to break the long cold Winter we must
wrestle through,
And if 'twere not for Christmas—why, whatever
should we do?

So, here is Christmas comin', and a-comin' round
again!

It may be rain or snow will splash against the
window-pane—

We shall not care if by the fire we cosily can sit,
And think of friends, both near and far, exchang-
ing fun and wit!

For Christmas is a merry time, with jokes and
laughter full,

With crackers, and plum-puddings, and a contin-
uous bell-pull,

For the postman, keeps a-comin', and a-comin' by
again,

And his bag is never empty—never, that is truly
plain!

Then give we thanks for Christmas, 'tis a blessing
from the Lord!

It brightens up the Winter, and is full with many
a word

(Of love and true remembrance, and ere the shad-
ows fall,

Let me wish you now, kind readers,
"Merry, merry Christmas all!"

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

The great, tall clock is ticking by the stairs:

It tells a tale of constant watchfulness:

No hour escapes that marker unawares—

No minute passes, he does not possess.

Two hands that meet in hourly action there,

Two feet that stand erect, and never tire!

'Tis true they are not folded hands in prayer,

They meet, and part, and then again draw
nigher.

Grandfather's Clock has stood for many years

Presiding o'er the entrance to our hall,

Has timed for us our happiness, or tears,

Has gone on ticking thro' the lives of all.

And still it stands—a Monument of Time,

Which Time itself can hardly touch or spoil!

Grandfather's Clock with the melodious chime

That calls us to our play—our prayer, or toil!

A PRAYER TO NATURE

Give me thy strength, O tree, to last,
And to withstand the wintry blast!
Give me thy sweetness, lovely flower,
To fill the world with joy each hour.

Give me thy wondrous power, green Grass,
To spring again when sorrows pass.
Give me thy freshness, perfect Air,
To heal and comfort everywhere.

Give me the soaring power, O Birds,
To raise my life above mere words.
Give me thy faithfulness, O Hound,
Devotion true that knows no bound.

From each fair thing that God has made
May come a gift that's never paid.
I, Nature's praise would truly sing,
And to her shrine this offering bring!

TO THE GIRL GUIDES OF LEAMINGTON

Brownies, and Girl Guides, the future before you
Lies like a mystery wrapt in a dream!
Fathers and Mothers, who love and adore you,
Trode Life's same pathway, though strange it may
seem!

Wide is the roadway, uncertain the issue,
Varied the stations ye pass on the way,
Deep is the darkness, and tangled the tissue,
Doubtful for all men, the end of Life's Day.

Brownies, and Girl Guides, still ye a Leader
Require to help you, and show you the Path—
One, a great General, have we, a Pleader,
For those who follow Him—rare gifts He hath!

Choose Him, and take Him to-day and for ever;
Follow His Guidance—'tis sent from above.
Once in His keeping, He looseth you never—
His Banner is wrought with the magic word
"Love."

What is the goal then, and what is the guerdon?
What is the end towards which all must strive?
Guiding your fellows, and lifting the burden,
Making this old Earth a good place to live!

OUR AVENUE

Our avenue is fair to see,
Composed of lime and chestnut tree!
Long rows of each, on either hand,
In well-placed symmetry they stand.

The tired people from the town,
In search of rest, walk up and down!
They find the breezes cool and sweet,
And sometimes pause to take a seat.

The fields are full of lambs and sheep;
The cows respectful distance keep;
The church bells chime and tell the hour—
They speak of peace and God's own power.

If walking be the greatest pleasure!
If talking be a dangerous measure!
Then on the avenue we'll find
Silence, that gives us peace of mind.

"For every word," Our Savior said,
"That you have careless uttered,
You shall be judged," remember this,
Nor talk to spoil your future bliss.

The tongue, altho' it small may be,
Is fraught with fearful destiny!
So let us oftentimes be still,
Nor run against the Heavenly Will.

The rain comes down—it matters not,
The weather can't be always hot!
The avenue will keep us dry
If underneath the trees we fly.

“Write on,” my Muse commands, and I,
Obey, tho' wondering inwardly
If anyone will care to see
These lines I've writ so leisurely.

A HAPPY COUPLE

I know a happy couple, tho' they're always dressed
in black,
And they run along together at such a rapid
pace!
To take advantage of wet weather they are never
slack!
Each wears a bit of yellow just to decorate
his face.

They like to see our grassy lawns—they often call
in Spring!
They wear no gaudy colours, tho' their black
is glossy too!
They both keep rather quiet when the other fel-
lows sing;
They look quite startled if they catch a glimpse
of me, or you!

Now the secret of this story, I am here about to
tell,
And you'll understand the reason when I
whisper it in glee!
For this quaint young couple, who in spite of all
look rather swell,
Are just two active Blackbirds running under-
neath that tree!

GYPSOPHILA

There is a little feathery plant,
Gypsophila its name!
The sight of it doth memory haunt,
We wonder whence it came?

More like a mist upon the grass,
So fine, transparent, fair;
As if the Sun had dew-drops kissed,
And then they rose in air.

Rebellious, seeking to escape
His too warm, loving beams!
Changed into fine, and feathery shape,
Gypsophila of dreams!

Mix it with other blossoms rare,
A lightness it doth give,
A sort of brightness everywhere,
Almost too fine to live!

Gypsophila! Gypsophila!
With quaint expressive name!
An ornament in truth you are,
We wonder whence you came!

THE ROSE ARBOUR

All trailing, and clinging, just over our path,
O! see what fair beauty the rose arbour hath,—
A roof of red crimson, and walls of pure green
Are sweeter than anything else we have seen

Beneath, the whole world may unknowing go by,
They reckon not what wealth lies 'twixt them and
the sky;

They forget that the Rose is a symbol on earth
Of beauty and mystery—charm, and all worth!

Stay with us, fair Ramblers, as long as you can.
Increase, and don't cease, in your ravishing plan
For turning all things to the world as it goes.
Into what is well known as "Couleur de Rose!"

WHAT THE ROSE THOUGHT

So happy is the Rose,
 That in Her bosom lies,
 Before Her eyelids close,
 Before the Daylight dies!

O! give me just one hour,
 To be with Her like this!
 To share in Beauty's dower!
 For me is perfect bliss!

I ask not long to live,
 To bloom upon a tree,
 Rather to me O give,
 This rare felicity!

To be the only Rose,
 In that fair hand today,
 Ere evening shades oppose,
 And carry me away!

Then shall I pass in peace,
 Saying, "The joy was mine!
 For one day to increase
 A beauty so divine!"

A RED, RED ROSE

Behold the red, red Rose! It hangeth on a tree,
 And every wind that blows may come that Rose
 to see!

So in the morning fair, it shineth on the thorn,
 And smileth there to see the lovely day new-born!

Oh! every young, young heart, it waketh to the
 life
 Of each bright dawning day, for toil, for love,
 for strife!

And every evening sees some good work finished
 here,
 As with each setting sun, we draw to God more
 near.

THE BUMBLE-BEE

O Bumble-bee!
When you I see,
You speak to me
Of Industry!

Striped black and gold
Together rolled,
Your flight you hold
In manner bold.

So steadily
And so swiftly,
O humble bee!
O Bumble-bee!

You whizz along,
Singing your song;
To you belong
The whole glad throng.

Of fragrant flowers,
In sunny hours.
Thro' your keen powers
Honey is ours!

No tumbling—no stumbling—
No rumbling—no jumbling—
No mumbling—no grumbling—
No fumbling—no crumbling—
Is yours, Bumble-bee!

But just a glad flight,
Thro' light day, or dark night,
When our sight you refresh,
With your motion so light,
O dear Bumble-bee!

CUCKOO! CUCKOO!

What lovely sound has greeted us upon this Sabbath morn?

The wind was blowing cold and drear—making us feel forlorn.

A snowy aspect filled the sky, where clouds shut out the blue,

When suddenly a tiny voice rang out—"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

A smile ran round the faces of the gloomy company.

"Just hark to that!" said one and all, "There's Spring-like melody!"

No matter if the wind is cold, that sound comes clear and true,

A well-known voice we love to hear, crying—"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

A little later in the day a snow-storm blew about; We scarcely dared to leave the fire—much less to venture out!

But once again that happy thought across our fancies flew—

The first time in the year, today, we've heard "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

OUR GARDENER

He digs the potatoes, and delves in the soil—
There's nothing accomplished on earth without toil!

By the sweat of his brow he must show what he's worth,—

For this is the rule on our busy old Earth!

Ply the spade, push the barrow, or work with the hoe,—

It is thus we prepare for the crops ere they grow.
"If the sunshine's too hot—fetch a watering-can;
If it's wet, sit and wait," says the gardener man!

Plant the seed,—lift the weed,—yes! it's back-
aching work,
"I must rest"—he confest—"I never do shirk!
What with watching, and toiling, and moiling all
day,
I am sure a good gardener deserves all his pay!"

JUNE

Waves of sunlight softly stealing
As the morning dawns,
Some of Nature's wealth revealing
On our grassy lawns.

See, oh! see the dew-touched meadows
Lying wide out there.
Come and hunt with me the shadows
While the morning's fair.

Summer's bliss awaits us truly
On this bright June day,
Where the zephyrs, all unruly,
With the flowerets play.

Come, where birdies start their singing,
By the hedge or road:
Hear their praises gladly winging
Up to God's abode.

Come where stream, or brook, or river
Flows towards the sea,
Where the willow leaves do quiver,
And dance merrily!

Can you tell me why the heart beats
Out its sweetest tune,
And melody with rapture meets?
'Tis the month of June!

NOTHING HERE IS LASTING

Nothing here is lasting;
Nothing here remains!
What's the use of seeking
Then, for earthly gains?
Choose a heavenly dower;
Seek for strength of soul:
Arm thyself with power,
As Life doth unroll!

JULY

When the suns of bright July,
Gleaming, shine across the sky,
When the heat is lying thick,
Blazing on each roof and brick,
When we seek a darkened room,
Love to look on shades of gloom—
Then we know July is here,
Hottest month of all the year.

When the Angler haunts the stream,
And the Poet dreams his dream,
And the Artist seeks a nook
By some gurgling, laughing brook,
And the lover seeks the shade
Of some nearby sheltered glade,
There to woo, and win his maid
With sweet nothings whisp'ring said—
Then we know July is here,
Brightest month of all the year.

GOD IS NOT IN THE TREES

God is not in the Trees, altho' He made the Trees;
God is not in the Wind, altho' He made the Breeze;
God is not in the Air, altho' He's everywhere;
But God is in my Soul, and I shall find Him there.

AUGUST

Gleaming white, and golden yellow, shine the
 flowers in the meadows;
 Slowly creep the lowing cattle, and the sheep
 across the lea;
Wav'ring, quav'ring on the ground, so darkly lie
 the heavy shadows
 From the boughs, and branches of each sentinel,
 upstanding tree!

Glowing hot, and glory giving, pours the sun its
 mighty beams,
 Through the ether spaces to this rolling sphere
 of ours! No dearth,
But each atom filled with teeming life, and moving
 lovely dreams,
 For the August heat has come back once again
 upon our Earth!

Happy hearts, and hopes upraising, thankfully
 we look to see
 What great wonders are provided, and such
 blessings sent by Thee!
Daily, humbly, here we mortals, should be prais-
 ing thankfully,
 Wond'ring, taking, making gladness out of all
 these things that be!

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

I sing a song of the Chimney Sweep—
Nothing too wise, and nothing too deep!
Just a short lay to tell of his worth,
Who helps to clean our smoky old Earth!

Black is his face, and blacker his hands!
But all about soot he understands!
He can push his brush up chimneys tall:
He can rake and scrape at chimneys small!

Bright are his eyes if black is his face.
His work he does with good-natured grace!
The parlour-maid smiles when he comes her way;
She knows he'll remove the soot to-day!

I sing a song of the Chimney Sweep!
A place for him in our hearts we'll keep;
A picturesque sight is he on earth—
Yet nobody envies him his berth.

Come along, Chimney Sweep, with your brush,
Every complaint and murmur we'll hush,
For coal is so scarce, and heat is dear—
The way for a real good fire you'll clear!

THE MAGIC SEVEN

"We are seven," said the Rosebush, as it smiled
at me one day,
And I looked and saw it bore seven blushing Roses,
fair and gay;
Pink and lovely was each blossom, perfect, grow-
ing on the thorn.
Every day the colour deepened, when I sought
it in the morn.

O! so lovely was the Rosebush, standing by a
tiny door—
Far from noise of rushing tumult, or the city's
great loud roar—
Emblem of the magic number, one among the
mighty Sevens,
For that is the occult number, governing beneath
the Heavens.

Seven days in every week, and seven colours the
prism shows;
Seven colours in the rainbow, which delights us
ere it goes;
Seven notes of music go to make up the chromatic
scale;
Seven planets placed around our earth all tell
a mighty tale.

Seven days God took—creating all the Universe
we know—
Days, or aeons, who can solve the mystery that
puzzles so—
Seven churches—seven angels—seven trumpets by
the throne;
Seven is the mystic number of perfection we
must own.

So, sweet Rosebush, you have joined of “Sevens”
the great company,
I congratulate you truly—take a reverence from
me,
And stay with us just as long as you can, O most
lovely Rose,—
Nothing fairer shall we see here this side of next
Winter’s snows

THE VERGER

One year I chanced to stay awhile abroad—
The season had been long, and I was bored
With London gaieties—the rush and roar
Of life there did fatigue me more and more.
And so I sought a village in fair France,
A quiet spot, where one could well advance
In writing literature; a poem or book
Might soon be compassed in this quite nook,
There was a little Chapel, too, near by
I oft attended, and I wondered why
The Verger, whom I always there had seen,
Should be possessed of such a noble mien.
Tall and sedate, his duties he fulfilled
Early and late, no matter when one willed
To enter there, it all was fresh and fair,
A tranquil place for meditative prayer.

With massive brow, and heavy eyebrows, he
Would enter, or depart quite solemnly.
And through his eyes—those windows of the
soul—
A noble, kindly spirit shone. A scroll
I once perceived him reading studiously
In Grecian letters. It amazed me he
Should so well taught and educated be
That he could read what still was Greek to me.

I questioned of a lady in the town
If she knew aught about this Verger. Down
She cast her eyes, and said she often thought
He must be well born, and perhaps we ought
To seek him out, and make life bright for him,
Who looked oft-times so sad, and thin of limb.

It chanced that for a week I went away
To visit friends, who near Dieppe did stay;
And when I came back to my village fair
The noble Verger was no longer there.

I met my friend again, who said to me,
"That foreign man wrapped round in mystery,
From our midst has departed, and I know
Now, both why he came here, and why did go."

He was a Russian, of most noble birth,
And owned possessions of vast wealth, and worth,
But for a season he had willed to come
And live an exile from his native home,
Serving his God in humble duty here;
Striving his work to do with Christian cheer.
But while you were away an edict came
Signed by the Czar himself, to say his name
Was on a list of those who must go forth
To fight for Russia, so he started North!

And much I fear we never more shall see
That noble Verger, filling carefully
His sweet and simple duty every day,
Within that little Church wherein we pray."

Regret encompassed me for quite a while,
As I remembered his kind, peaceful smile.
But then I said, "No doubt God knoweth best
And other work for him was good," so lest
My thoughts should be disturbed when I would
 pray,
I sought another Church after that day.

DOLLY

Come forth from your hiding place, Dolly, my
dear.

I need you this wet afternoon.
The stormy day draws from my eyelids a tear.
A frown will be gathering soon.

Let's play in the parlour a happy new game,
I'll toss you up into the air;
You shall dance like Pavlova, or "jazz"—'tis the
same,
If only the music is there!

And then I'll undress you, and take off your
clothes,
To see how they really are made.
I'll rub up your cheeks, yes, and polish your nose
To make it a healthier shade!

You shall sit on my lap till the tea tray comes in,
Or rest in a soft easy chair.
I'll loosen the cap strings from under your chin,
And let down your fine glossy hair.

And then when the night comes I'll put you to
sleep
At the foot of my own cosy bed.
We'll rest there together till Sunbeams do peep
In next morning, and rest on your head.

LONDON ASLEEP

When all the great city of London lies sleeping,
When hushed is the toil and the strife,
And just for a while, there's an end to the weep-
ing,
And quiet has charge of the Life.

Then like some wild Sea, when the storm passes
over,
It rests in a silence profound.
The star-studded heavens surmount it, and cover
And darkness has rule o'er the ground.

So London is waiting—a wondrous world power—
A small kingdom all of its own.
The riches, and brains of the Earth are its dower.
Its future looms vast, and unknown!

THE FRIENDLY VOICE

There is a friendly voice that comes at night
Often when I am tired and alone,
It cheers me up, and makes me feel quite bright—
It is a voice across the telephone.

No train is needed, and no motor-car
To take me to that gentle, friendly tone,
Far from the world's distracting fret and jar—
It reaches me across the telephone.

I see no form, no troubled face, no tear.
I listen all enchanted, and alone!
I bless the friendly voice that calls me "Dear,"
And reaches me across the telephone!

There is a little sound of tinkling bell,
Quite different from the front door bell I own!
I recognize the sound, and know it well,
And fly to listen to the telephone.

If you are sad, and you cannot rejoice,
And all the world seems hard and turned to
stone,
Go! listen to that little friendly voice
That calls to you across the telephone.

THE RACES

To the Races! To the Races! where the course lies
o'er the Down,
'Neath the shelter of the old stone Gates, and
walls of Warwick Town!
Can we do a better stunt, think you, this rainy
afternoon,
Than to drive across from Leamington—we'll not
be there too soon?

To the Races! To the Races! by the tram or motor-car!

There the gathering crowds across the land are stretching near and far;

While the rain, as usual, in great floods comes pouring, pouring down,

And the quaint old streets are full enough in good old Warwick Town!

To the Races! To the Races; while the season is yet young,

Ere the snows and blows of Winter have the knell of comfort rung;

Ere the hungry Birds seek for their food, on banks and hedge-rows sweet,

And the sound that stirs our blood up is the sound of horses' feet!

To the Races! To the Races! O! pray come along with me,

And I'll show you where to rest awhile, beneath a stout oak tree,

Where every horse that gallops towards the winning post must pass

Beside us, as we stand to watch upon the rain-soaked grass!

THE WEEK.

On Monday, with the rising Sun,
We cry, "The new week hath begun!"

On Tuesday we exclaim, "There's work
Which no one can, or ought to shirk!"

On Wednesday, just before our lunch,
We read "The Tatler," "Sketch," and "Punch!"

On Thursday, someone's sure to say,
"Why this is early closing day!"

On Friday, we exclaim aghast,
"O! look! the week is nearly past."

On Saturday, amazed we cry,
"Why, how soon this week has slipped by!"

And then the blessed Sabbath comes
Again with rest to many homes.

Yet I have heard some people call
Sunday the busiest day of all!

'Tis thus the weeks fly by so fast,
That e'en a month will soon be past.

And ere we can say "Lo! 'tis here"
Behold the end of all the year!

TO SIR WILLIAM OSLER.

Lines suggested by the death of Sir William Osler.

Great Master of the precious healing Art,
By men beloved, and by the Angels blest,
Just for a time thou leavest us to rest,
And tho' with grief we know that we must part,
The memory of thy tender, loving heart
That put all powers of Science to the test
For Mankind's benefit, by pain opprest,
Remains with us, altho' thou dost depart.

Look on us from thy higher station now.
Forbid the tears to fall and overflow;
Recall the glorious work, which thou hast done
For men of every land beneath the Sun.
It comforts us to know that at Heaven's door
The Great Physician heals for evermore.

Death calls at last to take us all away!
We pass thro' night—and reach Eternal Day!
One little step, one breath, and lo! we stand
With angels in the far Celestial Land.
Oh! glorious transition! weep not so!
Fill not the world with mourning, and with woe.
For whoso dreams of Perfect Life, and fair,
Must know 'tis to be found not here, but there!

A WAR MEMORIAL.

Shall we forget how they laid down their lives
For us, those gallant, splendid men and true?
How, prompted by the duty-thought that drives,
They left beloved homes, and quickly flew
To fight for us upon a foreign shore,
From which so many should return no more?

Can we forget? Are not their children here?
Do not their widows often weep and mourn?
Do not we view at times the scalding tear,
And shall we leave them all alone, forlorn?
Ah, no! Our tribute may be paid to these,
Better than monuments the dead 'twould please!

Call them not dead! Untrue! They live again
Celestial lives in a much happier state—
Released—their sacrifice has not been vain,
And they are near us, nor their watch abate.
Who helps the children they have left behind
Shall help to give them perfect peace of mind!

Shall we forget, as quickly passing years
Bear down the tide of time so many names,
And life's new music fills our listening ears
With ravishment?—'tis natural, no one blames
The joys of Peace, but, ah! we ought to spread
Those joys among the Orphans of the dead.

OF INSPIRATION.

Speak not of genius! Tell me not of power,
Talent or studied working of the brain
I know that waking in the midnight hour,
Comes surging to my mind the sweetest strain.
I know that somehow, whispering when it darkens,
Love's spirit plays upon the Lyre of Life,
And as the soul for inspiration hearkens
It comes, all silently with fancy rife,
And something urging, crowding for expression,
Bears to my Being music from above.

I dare not, cannot meet it with repression,
For it doth speak and breathe of heavenly Love!
A message, or a story, or a praising,
Some lines that shall fit in for any day,
A harmony in words, and an upraising
Of soul to God—for help along the way.
A gift from someone—from the heart that loves me,
And never, never shall it be denied,
That music from the spheres is all around me,
And angels walk along the Path beside!

THE PASSION FLOWER.

Climbing, clinging, twining upward, ever grows
the Passion Flower!
Decorating, and encircling, many a winsome lady's
bower,
Purple heart, and snow-white petals, curling
tendrils out you're throwing,
And within the hearts of many, Passion Flower,
you are growing!

Touched with red, like drops of blood, and emblem
of the human heart,
In our lives, oh! Passion Flower, you must ever
take a part;
Who that lives can say he has not at some time
your power felt?
He that prays has known your influence, as upon
his knees he knelt!

Purify, O Lord, our passions; make them pure and
free from sin,
May the Hand which all things fashions, touch and
cleanse our hearts within!
Strong in feeling, high in purpose, let us ever
climb towards Thee!
Clinging, twining, growing, shining, so shall we
Thy flowers be!

TO A MOONBEAM.

If I could ride a moonbeam fair, and mount to-
wards the sky,
Think you I'd stay upon this earth? No! no! I'd
quickly fly
And don my dress of gossamer, and with a staff
in hand
Go mounting ever heavenwards towards that
radiant land.

I'd travel fast, and travel soon, to join the Spirits
there,
Who live and move so happily in the translucent
air;
And where the gardens are with flowers, immortal,
I should seek
To sound each river, plumb the seas, and climb
each mountain peak.

Oh! for the life adventurous, which must be wait-
ing there—
New beauties, and new joys, and happiness be-
yond compare;
And nothing here would keep us living on the
earthly plain,
If riding on a moonbeam bright would take us
up again.

So perhaps 'tis just as well those beams are made
of slender stuff,
Or else the earth would soon be left with people
scarce enough
To do the work—to draw the water, hew the
wood, and care
For all the little children, who are needing them
down there.

CHRIST'S SMILE.

A sea of light—an overwhelming bliss,
I fall and faint with ecstasy o'ercome.
Something seraphic, like an Angel's kiss,
Something that leaves me helpless, stricken,
dumb.

More than I ever dreamed of rapturous joy,
Hours that fly—yet do not pass at all;
Sensation lost—knowledge nought can destroy,
Wonder that I exist, who am so small.

“What thing has chanced? What is it you have
known?”

An inward voice is questioning, “My child,
Tell me how have you thus illumined grown?”
All I can answer is, “The Christ has smiled.”

ON THE GRASS.

Away up there in the heavenly blue,
The fairies sure are flying;
And right down here on the green grass too,
They see me where I'm lying.

The wind blows fresh, and the wind blows long,
And the tiny tree-tops quiver;
They whisper into my ears a song,
And the long grasses shiver.

For the fairies whisper, “The days will come
When you can't lie on the grass.
There'll be snow and frost, and lack of sun,
And these things must come to pass!

There'll be nights so dark, and days so cold
You'll hug the big, warm fire!
And nestle your head in a downy bed
When all the flames expire.

So take your fill of the lawn to-day,
And laugh and look at the sky!
The fairies know, and they gaily say,
“The Summer is passing by.”

EVENSONG.

The day is past, and now the evening hour
Comes on, and bells chime out from the Church
tower.

The birds are seeking every one his nest,
And all of Nature gently sinks to rest.

Our thoughts would lift themselves, O! God, to
Thee—

Haven of Peace, from Life's too restless sea.
Accept our prayers, preserve us from all wrong,
And grant us happy minds at Evensong.

THE BLUE-TIT.

A little Bird came up our way
To tea this afternoon.
Perhaps he knew 'twas Christmas Day,
Or thought it would be soon.

He found a lovely hanging swing,
With food stored up in it.
He lightly balanced each small wing,
This fairy-like Blue-tit.

He perched upon the cocoanut
That swings from our Rose tree,
And very busily he put
His beak into that tea.

We watched him from behind the door,
And when he'd had enough,
He chirped, "Thank you! I need no more!"
And wrinkled up his ruff.

Then lightly flew, and disappeared
As quickly as he came.
If we had wings, you may be sure,
We'd like to do the same.

ON A BOISTEROUS DAY.

Hearken to the wind a-blowing,
Comes it up the lea?
Boisterous airs around us flowing
In multiplicity.

Raindrops scatter—often falling
From the stone-grey clouds;
Birds to one another calling
As they pass in crowds.

Dead leaves fluttering, and whirling
Down the narrow street,
Little sudden gusts of swirling
Frozen, bitter sleet.

Dancing shadows where the sunbeams
All too coldly fall,
Gone so quickly, almost it seems
They fell not at all.

Such is part of Winter's story,
Suffer it my friends.
Every season has its glory,
Seize it, ere it ends.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Glad day and hour, when we go to meet
Our Saviour at His self-appointed Feast,
And there, the very humblest and the least
May cast himself down at the Sacred Feet.
It is indeed a privilege most sweet,
Nor one to be neglected thoughtlessly,
But rather followed after faithfully,
Being with blessing evermore replete.
For, when we have laid care and toil aside,
And set our minds on meditation pure,
We in the Holy of Holies do abide,
And learn the truth, which doth for aye endure.
So come we from the Supper of the Lord,
Assisted, strengthened by the Holy Word.

MY SHARE.

Bless me, O! God, as forth I go
Upon to-day's endeavour,
And let me magnify Thy Name
For ever, and for ever!

My power is small, and I am weak,
But, Thou, my Father art;
And if to do Thy will I seek,
Thou knowest all my heart.

Forgive my foolish fancies, Lord,
And purify my thought.
Teach me to love Thy Holy Word,
And do the things I ought.

Then when night falls, may I rejoice
That I have done my share
To help along the Universe,
And lighten others' care.

ONE LITTLE WORD.

O give me but one little Word
Before I lay me down!
One thought in which Thy voice is heard,
My happiness to crown!

One little word of comfort send
To show I'm not alone,
That Thou, our Comforter, and Friend,
Dost speak in undertone!

One little Word! O Father God,
To end this blessed day,
We lean upon Thy Staff, and Rod,
In confidence we pray!

One little Word! the answer comes!
A message from above!
A word to outlast even suns—
The mighty word of Love!

MEEKNESS.

Lowly and meek—
Ah! do men seek
To be called that to-day?
I greatly fear,
The worldling's sneer
Would drive such thoughts away!

The larger crowd
Is mostly proud
Of what? 'Twere hard to say!
And yet aloud,
With knees all bowed
We might more wisely pray,

To be holy,
Meek and lowly,
Like Christ—our great Example.
He led the way,
Behind don't stay,
But follow His Example.

ALL IN A LIFE.

Dreams! idle dreams, that pass across the brain
And come again,
Helping in many ways assuage our pain.

Thought! happy thought, most often to us brought,
By deeds inwrought
Into our lives, when meditation's sought.

Ghosts! phantom ghosts, that come to us in hosts
And fill the posts
Of those departed friends each lifetime boasts.

Pain! dreaded pain, that will return again,
And fling amain
Sorrow, and suffering o'er our paths like rain.

Joy! blessed joy, that comes when pain has
passed—

Too good to last,
Yet like a Sunbeam o'er our lives is cast!

Work! holy work, for which we bless our God,
Helped by His Rod,
The Saints to do His Bidding all have trod.

Life! wondrous life is made of all these things,
And each one brings
Experience, and helps us grow our wings.

Love! sacred love, the great mainspring of all,
We hear its call,
And in responding, to our knees we fall!

Prayer! blessed prayer, that fills the moment where
We cast off care,
And gather strength within the silence there.

Death! restful Death, that is not Death at all,
But just the call
To glorious Life above, free from Earth's thrall!

IN THE DUSK.

When the dusk comes creeping slowly—ah! how
slowly, up the land,
As the shades of night draw nearer, and we, in
the gloaming, stand;
Then our thoughts fly upwards, upwards, to our
Father in the sky,
And we think our Angel Friends, long vanished,
surely hover by!
They are with us in the Spirit, and they watch us
every day:
They rejoice in all our blessings, and in whisper-
ing voices say—

“Yes! I love you! I am helping, dearest, you need
have no fear!
I am with you—often with you—O! you do not
know how near!”

So we turn our thoughts from sadness, to the work
we know is here:
There is much to do with gladness, and the poorer
ones to cheer!
When the dusk comes creeping slowly—ah! yes,
slowly!—o'er the land,
You will stand beside us, loved ones, and we know
you understand!

LINES.

Give! give! what shall I give?
All that I can, as long as I live.

Take! take! what shall I take?
Nothing that makes another heart break.

Love! love! what shall I love?
All that the Father sends from above.

Die! die! when shall I die?
Not till God's angel himself draweth nigh.

MY BROTHER.

My Brother came! he was my childhood's friend.
Together we enjoyed all things—no end
Is there to memories that we can bring
From out the past, and talk of everything.

For him I sacrificed my dearest joys!
Before him were spread out my fairest toys!
He was my hero, and my all in all!
He seemed to be so great, and I so small.

And still to-day he is my heart's true friend—
Sorrows and worries laid before him end
More quickly than in any other way,
And many burdens quickly melt away.

Together we review the child-like past,
Together speak of joys and hopes that last,
And in the future—come or good, or ill—
I know he'll be my wise, kind brother still!

TO THE STOKERS OF THE FLEET.

Who was it stoked our Battleships,
When guns and fire swept the seas?
Who stood undaunted 'mid hell-heat,
And worked like heroes? It was these—
The Stokers!

When fastened down beneath the decks
Like prisoners in a furnace hot,
They stood, while sweat poured from their brows,
A fearful duty they shirked not!
The Stokers!

Who knew not whether death or life
Awaited them in the next hour?
Nor could tell how advanced the strife,
Nor which side stood with winning power?
The Stokers!

Who heard one message from above,
Shouted in hoarse, and vibrant tones,
And saw no sky—that thing men love—
But only knew that blood atones?
The Stokers!

“Full steam ahead!”—faster, more fast
They piled the glowing furnace higher!
For who could tell if 'twere the last
Time they should pile that furnace fire?
The Stokers!

Who lived or died to duty true,
And nobly did “their bit” to save,
And cared not if they only knew
That Britain still should rule the wave?
Our Stokers!

PETER.

Now Peter was a little pup
Of some high pedigree!
He had a careful bringing up,
This terrier of degree!

Spotted with black, and half with white—
A perfect dear was he!
His rough-haired coat, and eyes so bright,
A charming sight to see!

He came to us one year with friends,
Travelled by motor-car,
And brought his basket on beam ends
From Oxford—'twas not far!

We welcomed him with happy grace—
He seemed so young and gay!
He kissed each lady on the face,
Then ran away to play.

And when the dinner kept us all
Too busy him to watch,
He trotted round—this doggie small—
Some bones or scraps to snatch!

At last a chicken bone was found
To suit his longing wish!
He dragged it quickly o'er the ground
Nor waited for a dish!

Into his basket by the fire
Crept Peter with his bone;
And there he stayed, nor ventured nigher
Till all of it was gone!

Then once again in happy glee
He came and licked our hand!
O! Peter, your felicity
We well can understand.

You've had a lovely motor ride
With a dear mistress fair!
You watched the master deftly guide
His car thro' the keen air!

And now you've dined on chicken bone,
Oh! Peter, life is grand!
Few dogs that I have heard of own
A better home in the land!

OF HOW THE ANIMALS MAY SPEAK ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

'Twas said of old on Christmas night,
That animals may talk! I quite
Believe this strange thing might be true,
For those who wrote the Bible knew
That Balaam's ass began to speak,
When he a warning once did seek
To give unto his master, and
His rider did not understand
That a Celestial Being blocked
His way, and like a fool he mocked!

So on one Christmas long ago,
When moon shone bright on falling snow,
A donkey in the field near by
Brayed loudly, and then said, "I cry
To tell you that a robber band
Is now marauding o'er the land,
And fowls they've stolen from the barn!
I speak, O Master, just to warn
You to make fast your stable door,
Or you will sure lose something more!"
(He gave a bray, and then stopped still—
That donkey had done good, not ill!)

A collie dog ran up the stairs
To where his mistress said her prayers!
He gave a bark, and then a whine,
And spoke, "Oh! listen, lady mine,
Downstairs is standing in the hall
A good policeman, strong and tall,

Who's come say that he has found
Hiding within the garden ground
A burglar, but he's caught the man
And safely handcuffed him! Now can
You hurry down and hear his tale?"
The collie barked and wagged his tail!
(Like all good dogs, he sought to warn
His owner from impending harm!)

A cock crowed in the stableyard,
Then spoke aloud! "Well, it is hard!
My hens have laid some splendid eggs,
And now a fox with tawny legs,
Comes sneaking thro' the stable door,
And seizes one! Her life is o'er!"
The stableman chanced to o'erhear
This piteous lament, and near
The fox's hole he laid a trap
Which caught old Reynard! No mishap
Thereafter fell on any hen!
(The cock rejoiced, and said "Amen!"
My short, short speech on Christmas night
Has done its work, to my delight!")
The cat mewed near the cellar door,
"Alas! my happy days are o'er!
The trap they set to catch the mouse
Down in the basement of the house
Is broken, and a family
Of mice are running fast and free
Around a great big cheese that we
Had hoped to save for many weeks
And making holes, and giving squeaks,
And I can't ope the cellar door
To get at them!" Then she gave o'er!
But one who heard her little speech,
A helping hand at once did reach,
And pussy hurried in a trice
Below to catch those naughty mice!
(So pussy's little Christmas speech
Just put the cheese beyond their reach!)

"Thank God!" the horse neighed in his stall,
"That I may speak, just once for all,
And tell my master that a rat

Near by is gobbling so hard that
He'll soon eat up the pile of oats
That's stacked behind our blanket coats!
I wish that they would set a trap
Just to prevent further mishap!"
(O good old horse, now take a rest.
We see that you have done your best
To help your master save his grain!
You well deserve to speak again!)

The Donkey, Horse, Dog, Cock, and Cat
Our friends in daily life combat,
For us in some way all the year
To give us help, or bring us cheer.
So we'll thank God and always pray
That they may speak on Christmas Day!

COURAGE

Who is there wishes his life to flow ever
Calmly, and slowly along?
Placid, and smiling like any smooth river,
Singing just one simple song!

Longs not the heart for adventurous daring,
Leaps not the soul to the sky?
Witness the heroes for honour who're caring,—
They fear not to live or to die!

Cleaving the air, with an engine that's turning,
Rivalling Birds in the blue;
Dare-devils comfort and luxury spurning,
Such are the champions for you.

England! O! England, your bosom has nourished
Soldiers, the finest on Earth.
'Neath their protection you always have flourished,—
Well you know what is their worth!

Courage, endurance, and wisdom uniting,
"Glory to God" be their song!
Danger above, or beneath they'll be fighting,
Guarding their country from wrong!

I HAVE NO DOUBT

When I awaken in that Paradise
Which all around, and yet within us lies,
I have no doubt that I shall ope my eyes
Upon a welcome, and a glad surprise.

I have no doubt that fields of melting green
Will, dressed in flowers of fairest form be seen,
And every sort of multicoloured sheen,
Will meet my ravished eyes, and what has been

Most longed for by my soul while still on Earth.
Will meet me, and all things most truly worth
My love, and adoration will be there,
And I shall breathe a perfect heavenly air.

I have no doubt that all my dearest ones
Who passed before me to the golden Suns,
Will gather round to welcome me that day,
When I shall go from here with them to stay.

I have no doubt that perfect joy, and love
Await me there in heavenly courts above,
And all I can do, while I'm waiting here,
Is to help others, and be of good cheer.

ON STRIKES

What use for peace to spread her Heavenly wings,
With all the joy, and comfort, that she brings,
If Men here, in their own fair native land
'Gainst Law and Order, still will raise their hand.

OF LONELINESS

I am not lonely in the World, for I
Can watch the beautiful, and changing sky,
Can see the Sun rise, hear the soft wind blow,
Watch waving trees, and see the flowers grow.
The Birdies sing, or fly, or pass my feet,
With noises gentle, and with chirpings sweet.
The Moon shines out, or sinks beneath a cloud.

In Spring the golden Daffodillies crowd
The garden walks, and out there hour by hour
I sit and drink in beauty from each flower.

I am not lonely, for the poets speak
To me from printed page, or even seek
To crowd my memory with precepts clear,
Great truths, perhaps enshrined in verse, that
 cheer
And lead to Action, and to kindly words,
While all around sit friendly, watching Birds.

Not lonely? No, for God within my soul
Is whispering, ever seeking to control
That wayward heart, that knows not always right
But wanders often through the blackest night,
And will be crowded sometimes with wrong
 thought,
Until by prayer, and pleading, it is brought
Back to remembrance of what things are best,
And then with satisfaction I am blest,
So there is little time for loneliness
On any day, O friend, I must confess.

THE MIGHTY FRIEND

Ruler of my life, and mighty Friend,
 May I always trust Thy guidance sure,
Knowing to thy Mercy there's no end.
 Knowing Thy Love always shall endure.

Strange the devious ways that I may pass,
 High the snowy mountains I must cross,
Deep the river, dark the wide morass,
 Yet with Thee I shall not suffer loss.

Sometimes every travelling pilgrim falters,
 Sometimes thinks with dread of coming years,
Yet Thy gracious Promise never falters!
 Well, is it to banish all these fears!

Once again Thou hast uplifted—helped me,
 Mighty Saviour,—never-failing Friend,
Ever, always dost Thou stoop to save me,
 Guide, and guard me to the very end.

THE DAYLIGHT BREAKS

Slowly, surely, comes the morning,
Stealing up the lightening sky!
What shall stop the day's new dawning
As the night goes flitting by?

One by one, the Stars receding,
Disappear into the blue;
And the light comes once more pleading,
That our labours we renew.

Slowly dawns the Spirit's teaching
Into every human mind.
All our fondest hopes out-reaching,
Proving God is ever kind.

Who shall stop the Sun from shining?
Who shall keep us in the dark?
When behind the grey cloud's lining
Gleams the radiating spark.

What shall keep the Spirit's brightness
From illuminating life?
As the Sun floods all with lightness,
So God shines above the strife!

THE CURTAIN OF LIFE

When the curtain of our lives is drawn aside to
show the Lord,
O! I wonder shall we blush for very shame
In thinking of the things that we neglected in
His Word,
And the times when we forgot to Praise His
Name!

O! I wonder shall we think of many little deeds
undone?
Of the sick and poor forgotten sometimes too,
Were we busy ever seeking for our pleasure in
the Sun
When we might have done a work more real
and true?

Well! the curtain must be lifted on some day—
remember this,
And there's nothing can for ever be concealed,
So pray and strive, for Righteousness is very
certain bliss
When all our sins and virtues are revealed.

PEACE IN OUR GARDEN

Far from the hurly-burly
Of this world's unequal strife,
In a well-hidden garden,
I lead my placid life.

There the sweet birds sing and twitter
From morn till dewy eve;
The flowers grow daily fairer;
The trees all bud and leave.

Our lawn was not converted
Into a potato patch!
The paths are lined with benches,
The gate is on the latch.

And I ask the general public
To come in and share with me
The joys, which all can feel alike,
Who have the power to see.

God's Love and Tender Kindness
In Nature there around,
Health in the perfect atmosphere—
Food and beauty on the ground.

There's no need to read the papers,
Or think about the Hun,
Yet we still can work for others
From morn till set of sun.

We invite the sick—the children—
Who are strangers in the Town;
Some are seeking change from Raiders,
And have come from London down.

Then there are some here from Belgium
 And others home on leave—
 But they all are glad of comfort,
 A word of help receive.

There our little pet lamb carries
 Round her neck a Syrian bell,
 Which tinkles as she moves along
 The lawn that feeds her well.

She is an emblem to our hearts
 Of The Lamb Who once was slain,
 That man might be from sin released,
 Nor was the Sacrifice vain.

And here we speak and dream of Christ,
 Whom we hope to see at last—
 When the troubles of this stormy world
 Shall in the end be past.

So we live daily in our Garden,
 And in it find the Lord;
 We speak of Rest and Healing,
 Quote the Message of His Word.

With the world we'll share our Garden,
 Calling it a Place of Peace,
 Where for a time the heart of man
 From sadness finds release!

THE GRANDDAUGHTER

So fair, and tall, with eyes of blue,
 She sits and watches me, and you,
 Her smile is sweet; her thoughts from far
 Have come to her! An evening star
 Is not more gentle nor more true
 Than is this one so dear to you—
 The Granddaughter!

Her lips are red, and fair her hair,
 Clusters and curls, now here, now there,
 Her figure tall is lithe and strong,
 All joys of youth to her belong!
 Ah! Who would not be sweet nineteen,
 If they could also be a queen,
 Like the Granddaughter!

Music is hers, too, in the Soul,
Volumes of sound about her roll!
For Sons of Men, she gladdens hearts,
And only when she leaves or starts
Away from those who love her well
Regret doth make the bosom swell
For the Granddaughter

Her praises! tell them not too loud,
Lest envy start among the crowd,
All secret shall this treasure be,
A joy best known to you and me!
Who is our cherished and sweet guest?
Who is it makes us feel so blest?
The Granddaughter!

AN INVOCATION

Come to me Darling, as daylight is leaving!
Come to me, Darling, before it grows dark!
All of thy messages sweet I'm receiving,
Just a small bit of the Great Divine spark!

Love is so precious, and so all-embracing!
Speak to me now, and then tell it again:
Thy Life with mine intertwined, and enlacing,
Joy in my life! and relief to my pain!

Gather me often up close to thy bosom,
Hush me, and still me, when waters are low,
Tell me when Light the horizon doth crimson,
Repeat when Diana again strings her bow!

At Morning and evening, at Sunset or Dawn,
My ears then are open, my mind listens still,
Assure me that God never leaves me forlorn!
The Kingdom is mine, for that is His sweet Will!

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Some love Roses,
All love Posies,
But give me Chrysanthemums!
For sweet clover,
The fields over,
Searches the Bee as she hums!

Some love Lilies,
Some like Gillies,
But for me Chrysanthemums!
Some sing praises
Of the Daisies!
All for me that one words sums!
Yellow! Red! Chrysanthemums!

DEWDROPS

Dewdrops are sparkling upon the grass,
I see them quivering as I pass.
The Field is glittering full of light,
Oh! what could surpass them as a sight!

Rainbow reflections, and crystal drops,
Even the Bird in his singing stops,
Amazed at so much before his eyes,
He thinks it an earthly Paradise!

Shimmering, glistening drops of dew,
Even you may have a work to do
Refreshing fields, and the sweet, dry grass:
I think of you and right gladly pass.

On to my work, for I also do
Something down here in the world like you,
A bit to refresh the minds of men
And help them on with their toil again!

CROWNS

"And are there crowns for all of us poor men?
Tired soldiers, drowned sailors?" And just then
My eyes caught sight of a most wondrous thing.
Around Heaven's door were clustered, in a ring,
These fallen Heroes in a bloody strife,
Waiting admission to the fuller life!

"Yes! O my children," spoke an Angel grand
(Not words he said—I seemed to understand
His meaning as he gave it out quite clear)
To all the throng waiting his voice to hear,
"For all of you have so nobly striven.
Are laid up crowns of shining gold in Heaven!"

“And some are studded with great jewels rare,
According to the actions you prepare
To offer for inspection to our Judge.
Who loves you all and never could begrudge
To give a crown to anyone who gave
His life on earth some other life to save!

“You all will reap whatever you have sown,
It must be so—the verdict forth has gone;
Whatever a man soweth he shall reap.
Shall not our Saviour every promise keep
He made on earth? Then led to Calvary!
It is the Path for all Humanity!

“And His Crown was of thorns, when down below,
And drops of blood streamed from beneath it! O
Sorrowful Crown! but those who will it share
Shall reap also the joys Angels prepare,
And rest of perfect sort is theirs up Here,
What greater bliss than by Him to be near,

“O Soldiers, Sailors, lift your streaming eyes,
Behold! glad joy awaits you, a surprise,
Fit for a Monarch or an Emperor King:
The Heavens around shall with your praises sing!
And you shall find celestial crowns are there.
With which no earthly Honours could compare!

LANTERNS

Lanterns in Life! Have you many, friends,
To carry at dark when daylight ends?
What is the light for our path at night,
And what are the thoughts that make it bright?

“Thy Word is a Lantern to my feet,”
“Thy statutes” make all the ways seem sweet;
Wave, then, this Lantern on high! O high!
Proclaim the Word of the Lord is nigh!

Unto thee, yea,—and He’s in thy heart,
Where all holy things take up the part
Of thee which is best,—shew thee to run
The race with gladness, a grand Lantern.

What is the Lantern that lights the sky,
The Sun by day, then the Moon draws nigh,
And numbers of little Lanterns come,
Shimmering stars from behind the Sun!

Lanterns! O Lanterns! good seamen brave,
To light you over the darksome wave,
To guide you along from shore to shore,
And keep you from straying evermore!

Lanterns! O Lanterns! for soldiers bold,
Leading through dangers and traps untold,
Onward we go—wave the Lanterns high—
We'll conquer all things under the sky!

Lanterns once more lead up to a grave!
To rescue a friend this man he gave
His life! But, oh, he'll find it again,
Redeemed from every mortal pain!

A Lantern above he will not need,
For all Light is there—Give heed! Give heed!
"Thy Word is a Lantern to my feet,"
We thank Thee, God, for this promise sweet.

WHEN?

When Peace has come again to earth,
When everybody knows the worth
Of simple, loving ways of life,
And Providence removes this strife,
Which now is tearing out men's hearts,
O teach us to play noble parts,
And be consolers unto men
Who have lost all! That shall be—
When?

When we have learned the lesson hard
Of sacrifice, and can retard
Our longing for the joys of Life,
And luxuries, which once were rife
Before the War came, yes! and when
We can live simply, like poor men,
We'll see a purer life, and then
We shall do well! When? Yes,
Ah! When?

FUZZY

O! Fuzzy is a terrier's name;
Long shall we hold it dear!
A simple story of the same
I would narrate you here.

Dear Fuzzy—little dog was brown;
And though he oft would roam
Upon the outskirts of the town
“The Warren” was his home!

The soldier lads within that place
He loved with love so true,
When each grew well and left, his face
Quite sad and troubled grew.

Then his affection he would fix
Upon another man.
With little barks, and jumps, and licks
His daily walks he ran.

He loved and loved—his heart grew wide,
To all he was most dear.
Oh! what to Fuzzy will betide?
“The Warren's” closed this year!

He follows the procession down
Our sloping long Parade,
Right thro' the centre of the town
March soldiers,—those who aid,—

The Commandant, the Nurses all,
And Fuzzy on behind,
Right past our splendid red Town Hall.
Sad thoughts dwell in each mind!

For they are on departure bent,
These soldiers brave and true;
They seek the station—home they're sent,
Restored—as good as new!

But Fuzzy does not know all this;
He does not understand
Why they are marching in such bliss,
Preceded by a Band!

The station's reached; the train appears;
Good-byes must now be said!
With many handshakes and with tears
Each brave man bares his head.

They clamber in!—the train puffs out!
What is that on the line?
The Commandant gives a wild shout,
The Nurses all combine!

For there is Fuzzy—flying fast
To catch the train, which takes
Those soldiers he loves to the last!
No calls reach him who makes

Along the rails; his heart is torn
To see his dear friends go.
And shall he stay behind forlorn?
But ah! his pace grows slow.

He must return, the train has passed
Beyond, out of his sight,
The commandant grasps him at last!
He's in a sorry plight!

Dear Fuzzy, your good, faithful heart
Example is to all—
You've loved, and lost, the better part—
Tho' but a doggie small!

And now, my readers, all his friends
Who loved him well and true,
Brown Fuzzzy, of "The Warren," sends
His kind regards to you!

DAWN

Golden glory fills the skies,
Heralding a new Sunrise;
Clouds of every shape and hue
Have gathered to meet and renew
Acquaintance with their Friend the Sun,
For a new day has begun!

Blue celestial spreads behind,
 And a little whisp'ring wind
 Is telling to the world the tale,
 Which, somehow, never does grow stale,
 That, once again, a day is ours
 To fill with work and gladsome hours!

SUMMER SONGS AMONG THE BIRDS

(To Elise Emmons).

(Originally written by Lilian Whiting as an Introduction to Elise Emmons' book entitled "Summer Songs Among the Birds")

"Summer songs among the birds!"
 Thus to me, the witching words
 Fell like radiance of the dawning
 In the gladness of the morning!
 Melody and joy and beauty—
 Words that help one on to duty—
 Intimations of *one* angel,
 (Need I name?) our sweet evangel,—
 She who turned to realms more dear,
 With the opening of the year—
 She to whom our hearts apply,
 These dear lines of poet-lore,
 Since she passed the mystic door—
 *"For half we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to heaven a Shining One
 Who walked an angel here."

Though the Poet never knew her,
 In these lines, indeed, he drew her,—
 Pictured all her lovely being
 By the poet's insight seeing.
 "Summer songs among the birds!"
 Echoing the witching words,
 I discern the "Spirit-friends"
 Who encircle you, my dearest,
 Guiding on to nobler ends,—
 Blest companionship the nearest;
 And with you I catch the vision
 Of Celestial heights Elysian;
 Enter, love, with you in prayer,
 Climb, with you, the Golden Stair!

"Summer songs among the birds!"
Many lessons from these words,—
From your happy lyric phrases
Do I find, among the mazes,
Of the rich and rare suggestion,
Precious faith, and hope, and question.

Ah, the purple hills of Rome,
And our sunset lingering walks, love,
When we watched St. Peter's dome
From our Pincian heights and talks, love,—
Our enchanted Italy,
Once again, I seem to see;
All her music in your words,—
"Summer songs among the birds!"

LILIAN WHITING.

MY WHITE ROSE TREE

O! the little white Rose-tree that stands by my
door,
Bears a burden of Roses, all white and so pure;
They are not very large, for a Rambler 'tis called,
But the shape is most lovely, and all are en-
thralled
Who behold it, and say, "Why, it looks very gay!"
And is just what a Bride carries in her Bouquet!"

It is trained on a circlet of wire quite strong,
The branches are slender, and yet they are long
Enough to go round all the rim of the thing.
As the Bride's finger carries a little gold ring!
And I laugh when I see it, with glee, and I say,
"Why it greatly resembles a Bridal Bouquet!"

THE UMBRELLA TREE

If a wonder you would see,
Come 'neath our Umbrella Tree!
It is shaped in perfect wise,
Every branch together lies!
You can hardly see between
All the twigs and leaflets green:
Hardly see the sky above,

Where the happy Birdies rove;
Hardly see a ray of light,
Branches are twined in so tight.
 Its a wonder,
 When you're under
Our little Umbrella Tree!

THE POTATO

Sweet is the bread of the day, to the man made
 hungry by toil,
Sweet is the evening meal to the weary sons of the
 soil,
Eaten in glad content by the light of the smould-
 ering fire,
Children and wife on one side, at the other end
 their Sire.

Sweet are the thoughts of evening now that the
 work is done,
It was hard to get up so early by the light of the
 rising sun;
But soon the limbs of the workers will lie in a
 peaceful sleep,
And all the noise of the cottage will be hushed in
 silence deep.

The potato forms the staple food of their humble
 diet,
It was dug with great rejoicing from the earth
 where its lain so quiet;
Home in a little wheelbarrow the laughing child-
 ren brought them,
Into some sort of a pie the willing mother wrought
 them!

Oh! its a splendid thing this potato out of the
 ground,
If there's lack of anything, there's enough of that
 to go round;
So pass your plates again, children, eat it for all
 you're worth,
It will give you force and vigour, the strength of
 your mother earth.

The birds in the branches will sing when you
wake in the morning again,
The stars will extinguish their twinkles, as father
goes back to the plain;
He'll work with his plough and his horses, im-
proving the crops for you,
So that when the harvest is gathered in, there'll
be something fine and new.

To stack in the storehouse for winter, to keep us
warm from the cold,
And we'll cut a large stock for the wood pile, of
faggots well dried and old;
We'll pile the splendid potatoes in sacks on the
cellar floor,
And we'll keep them there till they're needed, a
very precious store.

Sir Walter Raleigh brought it—the potato—back
from Spain,
He found it there in his travels when he sailed the
Spanish Main;
And now perhaps he's rejoicing, if he sees the
straits we're in.
That he brought back the homely potato, rather
than gold or tin!

So we'll plant it, and hoe it, and eat it, and cook
it in every way,
We'll see that our children have it to feed on
every day,
And we'll thank the useful Potato for the good its
done thus far,
And perhaps it's true that this humble friend is
helping to win the War!

THE COPPER BEECH

The Copper Beech!
I'm short of speech
To tell its grace and beauty—
The leaves all red
And brown are spread,
To praise it is a duty!

It stands alone,
Nor stick nor stone
 It needs to keep it upright!
Like man of worth,
Upon the earth,
 Endowed with strength and foresight!

So may we all,
Learn not to fall,
 When we are left alone!
But from this tree,
Learn how to be
 Strong as a tower of stone!

THOUGHT IS LIKE A BIRD

Each flying bird is like a wingéd thought,
That leaves its nest so wonderfully wrought.
To carry to the world—oft drowned in pain,
The message of God's tender love again.

The wings are spread, the beak is pointed high,
The objective may be earth, or may be sky
Between these Elements a Bird can go,
And sail aloft, or gently sink below.

But when a Danger comes, ah! then take care!
You need, my little Friend, to rise in air!
For safety, that way—better can be found,
To escape those evils that lurk on our ground.

So is it, with the thought, and with the mind!
If any cruel agent, or unkind,
Seems plotting 'gainst our happiness most fair,
Rise, like a Bird, and lift your thoughts in
 Prayer!

Prayer! like an angel, has two brilliant wings.
Prayer! like a Bird, can soar, and soaring
 sings!
One wing is true desire for Righteousness.
And both, our thanks and joyful praise express!

OUR FRIENDS THE TREES

Oh! the Trees! the Trees! there are plenty of Trees,
They wave in the Wind, and they shake in the
Breeze!

Their boughs are all laden and crowded with
leaves,
The cornfields about them are covered with
sheaves!

The glad, sunny Autumn, has found us again
Still struggling with Life here, and fighting amain;
Just now we are planning our homes to defend,
From assaults of cold Frost, and draughts without
end!

And who that will help us as well as the trees?
They'll give us their wood, yes! as much as we
please;
They'll laughingly say, "It don't matter at all,
For in a short time we can grow again tall!"

"So take of my branches as much as you like!
We've no 'Labor Union,' we are not 'on strike!'
We do not begrudge! We never stop giving!
We mean to help mankind on with their living."

Not dying—no! no! cut the dead wood away,
Burn it in the fires, and on some cold day,
Say as you sit toasting your toes and your knees,
"Tis a gift from those best friends of ours, the
Trees!"

SLEEP

Sleep is the greatest boon God gives to Man.
For when he's wrapt around by it he can
Just for a time his troubles all forget
And dream he's passed along to Heaven, and yet
The Morn comes peeping to his room again,
He must resume his garb of flesh and strain
Each power he possesses to fulfill
The work God gives him! such a precious Will,
It is, that knows what each child really needs,

And daily with adventures new He feeds
The human Soul that starts out on its quest,
Determined keenly to pursue the Best!

Then Night will fall again to every man,
He'll pause and rest, after the race he ran,
And yielding up his thoughts for God to keep,
He'll sink into that blessed state called sleep!

Some say that sleep too much resembles Death,
And when we come to draw our latest breath,
And faithful friends around the bed are weeping,
We look as if we still were only sleeping!

DUTY

What do I value most, of all the things
That God has given in His wondrous world?
Most pleasures—even Health—may fly on wings,
But Duty stands beside her Flag unfurled.

My Duty is a thing no man can steal!
She is a friend that stays with me alway;
She comforts, soothes, and even helps reveal
The splendour and the straightness of the way

Which I must tread, tho' thorny be the Path!
It is not ever so! When sunlight falls
It makes the Way so dazzling, and so light
I hasten to give thanks, before Death calls,

And leads me up to Duties higher still,
Where I, perchance, shall with the Angels stand.
I find that what I took on earth for ill,
Was Good—to link me to the Brighter Land!

TRUST

Trust is a splendid thing!
It is the Angel's wing
Which lifts us from the mire of Despair!
We clench our hands and cry,
If it's my Destiny,
I accept it, God ordains,
I can bear!"

Cometh life or death today!
Is it joy, or sorrow say,
Are you trusting all will be for the best?
Is your heart so strong and true,
That you'll let God judge for you,
And believe that He'll grant your
Soul's request?

If you're tired, ill or weary,
If you're not so very cheery,
And you don't know just what is best to do,
Oh! remember then these lines,
For no trusting one repines,
And you'll find all will come out
Right for you!

NIGHT-TIME

In the darkness, and the silence, and the stillness
of the night,
When the moon and stars are shining, and we need
no other light,
Then the wind gets up and whistles thro' the
branches to the trees,
And we know they're talking secrets, tho' men say,
"'tis but a breeze."

The remains of such a sunset are now glowing in
the sky,
Streaks of dark blue clouds with yellow, every line
a mystery;
For who makes those lines up there, ever chang-
ing, ever new,
Who but our beloved Creator, always planning
joy for you.

Every day an unsought blessing, every day a mes-
sage kind,
Coming thro' some fellow being, coming thro' the
sun or wind,
Something pleasant from our fellows, something
lovely in the world,
Keeps our minds in constant gladness, keeps our
lips in laughter curled.

So we pass away the week-days till the Sabbath
draweth nigh,
And we say, "Why this is curious! Here's another
week gone by!"
So the months are swiftly rolling, and the year
will soon be gone!
And the darling-downy birdies, will be leaving our
old home!

A SUMMER MORNING

The Moths, the Bats, and the Birdies at five,
Are flying about, and O! so alive!
The light has been creeping out of the West:
Of all in the year, the summertime's best.

The dew on the grass, the mist on the hill.
The cock sounds his trumpet, lusty and shrill,—
A train in the distance is puffing away
For those who must travel, at home let me stay!

Now all the big world will soon be awake,
Each mortal is thinking what part he can take
To help on his fellows, and do his small share
To lighten the sorrows and lessen the care

Of this big Universe, in which he's been placed,
To meet all the obstacles with which he's faced—
For even in Summer he knows he must eat,
So put on some clothes, and get shoes on your feet.

And hurry downstairs to unfasten the door,
The post-girl is coming with parcels galore:
And letters containing all sorts of good news
There's naught to depress, or to give you the blues!

The Germans in France are retreating again!
The Allies are winning—and surely that's plain!
So let us be thankful, and gratefully say,
I'm glad I'm alive on this bright August day!

THE CANON'S PIGEONS

Five lovely Pigeons the Canon had!
And every day they made him glad!
One black and white, four white and brown,
They circled about—or up and down.

They lived in a little house, quite neat,
Perched rather high, o'er a garden seat,
And rooms for just five this lodging had,
The accommodation was not bad!

One day these Pigeons disappeared,
That they were lost was greatly feared,
The Canon gave a dismal groan,
And said "He hoped they would come home."

For thirteen years they had been his friends,
So what for their loss could make amends?
The Gardener who fed them every day,
Was amazed they should have flown away!

Now the Canon's Daughter went each day,
To a little town not far away,
Where a hospital for soldiers stood,
There to wait on them, for she is good!

These Pigeons decided they would like
To see where she went on her shining bike.
So they followed her to Warwick Town,
And saw the place, ere they all flew down.

Back to their home on the Kenilworth Road,
When the Canon saw them he said "Thank God
My Pigeons are safe in their home again!"
He chuckled and laughed, and he said "Amen!"

The will of God is always good!"
But I do not feel sure he understood
Just what the Pigeons had been to see,
So we'll keep it a secret 'twixt you and me!

OUR DESIRE IS TO PLEASE HIM

All my joys and all my sorrows
At His precious feet I cast,
Knowing "His" are the tomorrows,
What He blesses, that will last!

Nothing else has any value,
Nothing else can we call good.
But the things that He approves of
In our hearts are understood!

Daily do we work to please Him,
Daily hope His Will to do.
It's not always easy knowing,
What's the right thing and the true!

Yet we trust that He will guide us,
For His promises are "Yea";
We feel sure He'll walk beside us,
Helping, leading on the way!

So with joy we rise and gather
All our forces for the day,
That we certainly may please Him,
Is the end for which we pray!

TRAVELLING ALONG

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!"
This I believe, and know that He will take me
One day to be with Him, in Heaven above,
Where all is light, and all is perfect love.

Why, then, repine my soul, if time seems long,
The battle is not always to the strong!
"My strength in weakness can quite perfect be,
And should I fainting fall, He'll come to me."

He'll come and see that I am helped along,
He'll send an angel from his glorious throng,
Lest I should dash my foot against a stone,
Or wandering, miss the way that leads to Home.

So I will rise, and don my dress of clay,
 And travel gaily thro' another day;
 Believing that a kind word and a smile,
 Can lighten loads and help on many a mile!

IN HIM I TRUST

Who, that has lost his health upon the way
 Of life, can rest, and trust, and calmly say
 God is my strength, my glory, and my health,
 Has found, indeed, a mine of golden wealth.

Not only will his body stronger grow,
 But, Mental Poise, in time will surely show
 Him how to wisely seek, and find again,
 The Treasure that was his before the pain!

The seat of all sensation is the mind,
 Our wondrously constructed human kind
 Has yet to learn that he who conquers Will,
 May dominate himself and conquer ill!

'Twas never meant that man should grovel here,
 A prey to every wretched kind of fear,
 But rather God would have us rise and prove,
 All things are possible to those who love!

SUNDAY

I love a Sunday morning, it always comes to me
 With a power and a freshness, a sweet serenity!
 There's a feeling in your bosom that you mean to
 do your best,
 To make God's Holy Sabbath day a time of lovely
 rest!

The weather's most important, and of course we
 look to see
 If rain, or sun, if wind, or showers, have come
 with us to be.
 But we know there's always something very bles-
 sed can be done
 In the house on rainy days, or outdoors in the sun.

There's generally some old friend coming in to
dine,
There's talk of progress in the war, of costly
foods and wine;
Mayhap another young friend will come along to
tea,
How little sugar she will take, is what we want
to see!

Then there's the letter must be sent before you go
to sleep,
The little walk across the fields among the cows
and sheep!
The Hour for Prayer, perhaps you feel you'd
rather go to Church,
Or else in silence, in your room, your conscience
you will search!

To each one Sunday's different, but we all can
make it fine,
By studying out the Laws of Life to learn we
are divine;
For Sons of God, the Apostle John has said we
surely are,
And we must live accordingly—tho' helping on the
War!

For Peace has got to come some day, and the
sooner that can be,
The better for us all now here, and for Eternity;
So, Sundays let us lift our thoughts and pray for
guidance here,
And trust that Peace on Earth, goodwill to man,
are drawing near!

SYMBOLS

A picture of the Christ!
It seems a little thing,
And yet what comfort to the Soul,
This little thing may bring!

It represents so much,
Jesus—the Son of God;
Our Saviour—and our best of Friends,
Our Staff—our saving Rod!

Two little bits of wood,
Just made into a cross;
Form yet a symbol of the thing
That saves the world from loss!

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

I voice the cry of the People, I
Who have watched them live, and seen them die,
My heart goes out to them every day,
As they travel along the weary way.

I have seen the women, pale with want;
I have seen the men, both tall and gaunt;
I have watched the children, they, 'tis true,
Bear the brightest faces of all, they do!

And I know rich friends that what they need
Is more of kindness in word—and deed!
Not gifts too costly—or things too rare,
But your loving thought and smile to share!

It is not much—so let us all give
That daily love, as long as we live,
We'll find it prove the perfect leaven,
With which this earth can rise to Heaven!

NIGHT

O! the Night is so beautiful, who does not love
the night,
She cometh up in great splendour, with Moon and
Stars, a sight
For tired mortals to behold, at close of weary day,
And oftentimes a yellow light attends her on the
way!

Her robe is tinged with emerald green, and dazzl-
ing dewdrop fringe,
While o'er her dark blue mantle some pale shades
of grey impinge!
Faint lights still linger on the edge of what will
shortly be
The last of this now passing day, but to Eternity,

We nearer are, by some twelve hours, than when
 we woke at Dawn,
We knew not what the day would hold this very
 special morn,
But still we greeted it with joy, a field for pleasing
 Thee,
And now to-night, we'll lay us down, and ask on
 bended knee
That Thou wilt keep us thro' the night, and all our
 loved ones too;
And help us rise with strength, the morn, to travel
 on anew!

MY FRIEND'S FLOWERS.

(A Letter in Rhyme.)

Of red Carnations in a row,
Saw I never such a show—
And just along the border they are met
By their sister flowers fair,
Growing delicate and rare,
Just a pale sort of pansy violet.

Near the door the Roses hang,
And their heavy heads they bang
When the shower comes up a little strong.
Oh! so graceful and so sweet,
You would very seldom meet
Anything more lovely! may they hang there long!

My friend is so very kind,
She has such a generous mind,
She's always giving flowers to her friends.
If she's not a little careful,
Presently she will be tearful,
Saying, "All my giving now must have an end!

"For I've given all away,
Not only flowers to-day,
But money—food—and clothing to the war;
I shall stop a little while
Till again my fortunes smile,
And then I'll keep on giving more and more."

Oh! my dear Mrs. Newbould,
Here truly it must be told,
That every one who knows you, loves you much!
Accept this rhyming letter,
I wish 'twere written better,
But I know you'll forgive it being such,

As any youthful friend
Might to her Senior send,
Craving just your indulgence and your pardon!
You found me sitting there,
(If any one asks where?)
'Twas the lovely, shady spot you call your Garden!

BIRDS AT EVENING

Birds are chirping up there,
And all the evening air
Is filled with their sweet little noises!
There's just one by himself,
Such a dear little Elf,
On top of a fir-tree he poises.

His two frail little claws,
And then after a pause,
He begins forth to carol a song!
We listen enchanted,
Is this garden haunted?
Oh, no! believe me—nothing's wrong!

It's all in the nature
Of the loving creature,
To sing loudly his prayers out at night.
He's thanking His Maker,
Who's blessed every acre,
You may trust me, he's generally right!

So we'll say "good-night" too,
And a grateful "thank-you"
To our Father—Who's helped us this day—
And to-morrow we pray
May be just like to-day,
All full of His kindness in the usual way!

TO A SCOTCH NURSE

She's a bonnie Scotch Lassie, come down from the
North!

The South will receive her, and welcome her
worth!

All help that is coming to soldiers and sick,
Is precious indeed, for the wounded lie thick.

As buds on a tree that is shaken by storm!
As stones on a beach that is trampled and worn!
So our heroes are falling, and their's is the cry—
"Oh! help me, kind Nurse, and give aid ere I die."

Fair land of the North, where the heathery hills
Are a fine panacea for bodily ills;
We thank you for all that you mean to the world,
Your flag by the side of old England's unfurled!

So, "Scotland forever!" Let this be our cry!
She's furnished us heroes who knew how to die!
And now she is willing, her Nurses to give,
Who'll succour the wounded, and help them to live!

TWO STARS

"Two 'tars!" a Baby said,
And laid his little head
Upon my bosom, as he gazed outside!
A street lamp lit too soon,
And a new rising Moon,
But Baby called them both "Two 'tars!" and cried,

When I said, "No, my dear,
It's really very clear,
One is an Earthly—one a Heavenly Light!"
He pointed with his hand,
He grasped me, and did stand,
Just gazing up with joy into the Night!

On his ten tiny toes,
And the Lord only knows
How sweet and precious is that child you see!
"Two 'tars!" in his small world,
Two weeny fists, tight curled,
His dancing blue eyes are "Two 'tars!" to me.

RAIN DROPS

There's music in the Rain!
I hear it on the pane!
Falling! Falling!
Calling! Calling!
Oh! little drops of Rain!

It says, "I bring you health!"
It says, "I bring you wealth!"
Growing! Growing!
Good bestowing!
All best things grow by stealth!

Your Duty, tiny rain,
To freshen us again.
Sliding! Sliding
Gliding! Gliding!
Straight down the crystal pane!

The Grain within the Earth!
Needs Rain to give it birth!
Shaking! Shaking!
Sunlight taking!
With Rain prevents a dearth!

Their Fountain knows no Girth!
Rain drops with laughing Mirth!
Dripping! Dripping!
Slipping! Slipping!
Softly coming back to Earth!

AN EPISODE IN THE GREAT WAR

An Army of Americans

Who're serving now in France.
Said "We must have a battle-cry,
When ordered to advance.
Some word, that we can shout aloud,
"Twill greatly cheer our men,
And help to hearten up our crowd,
When fighting starts again.

"So let us think of something
That reminds us to be brave.
What of the 'Lusitania,'
Now sunk beneath the wave?
"Twas she that helped our President
On his course to decide,
Said he, 'That glorious ship, all full,
Has sunk beneath the tide!

"We must avenge her! Show the Hun
That such things cannot be!
They shall not, without retaliation,
Sink ships below the sea.
Now what better Battle-cry than this,
Can we choose in the war,
Shout boldly 'Lusitania!'
Echo it near and far!"

The soldiers cheered—it pleased them well
They took the word to heart,
And when the order given was
For them to make a start,
Waving the standard, Stars and Stripes,
They'd brought from oversea,
Into the thickest of the fight,
They dashed most gallantly.

Over the top they rushed and cried,
Before the astonished Hun,
"Remember the Lusitania!"
The Germans turned to run—
"Lusitania!" "Lusitania!"
The cry meant Victory,
They swept the trenches end from end;
The Hun! Oh! where was he?

HOW SOME AMERICAN SAILORS PASSED INTO GLORY

“Where do we go from here, Boys? Oh! where do
we go from here?”

Such were the wonderful words they uttered, with-
out a tear,

When the moment came for those splendid lads,
to face a watery grave,

And they knew that nothing earthly was at hand
just there to save!

Nothing afear'd of the next step higher, they
stood on the sinking deck,

All around on the briny wave were bits of the
floating wreck.

All above in the glorious sky, was the sign of the
Father's eye,

They knew He was watching with tender love,
and would never let them die!

Only a little courage--and they would pass thro'
the watery door

To a higher life than any of them had ever known
before!

“Mors Janua Vitae” is a motto all know well!

That Death is the Gate of Life is true,

As many a soul will tell,

And these sailor men—with a perfect trust

Sent forth that ringing cheer

“Oh! where do we go from here, Boys? where do
we go from here?”

THE SOLDIER LAD'S RETURN

She heard him coming down the street,
Her mother's heart sprang forth to meet
Her boy, returning from the War!

It was the early hour of four,
What matter that!—the love of mother
Is keen at one time as another!

"I know it is my lad," she cried,
"I've often thought I should have died,
I've been so very ill, since he
Went off to fight the enemy!
He's been in Flanders and in France,
In many a terrible advance!

"How oft at night, I've laid awake
And prayed to God, for Jesu's sake,
To keep him safe, and bring him home
Once more to those he calls his own!
Now he comes whistling down the street
But, oh, my God, the sound is sweet."

His father flew to ope the door,
It was the early hour of four,
And you may guess that no more sleep
Came to those three—they rather weep
With joy, and talk in bated breath
Of his hair-breadth escapes from death!
Of how he saw the enemy,
And how in hospital he lay,
Feverish and sick for many a day,
And when at last they let him out,
The Huns and "Goths" had suffered rout,
And at the end his leave was given,
To come to "Blighty,"—call it "Heaven!"
It's Heaven to be with those you love!
It's Heaven to feel their tender love,
The Mother's joy, the father's pride,
To have their son back at their side.
That many a home, we'll beg and pray
May have this self-same boon to-day.

THE GOLDEN LADDER

To M. I. E.

I sat low down, before me rose a stair
To heights Celestial far above—and there
High on the topmost step a Lady stood,
I could see plainly she was great and good!

Yes! and an Angel! with a halo bright,
Such as might dazzle any mortal sight,
Radiant with love, upon a rosy cloud,
And while I gazed in joy, she spoke aloud!

Ah! and her voice came chiming down the stair
As when a shooting star falls thro' the air,
And her glad accents seemed to me quite plain,
"Arise!" she said, "and comfort men again!"

"There is no end to work for God on earth!
All that is noblest starts here and has birth
With us in Heaven, then descends below
And this my child, is what I want to show

"To you this night! while all men lie asleep
Rise quietly! with me a Vigil keep!
Hark to my voice and catch a melody
Which is intended for Humanity.

"Know there are hundreds of sad hearts and
low,
Living beside you, just like flowers that grow
Thick-set as daisies in a pasture grass,
With upturned faces, longing as you pass,

"For some sweet music to refresh their hearts.
And I will give it to you soon in parts,
Something all Golden—full of life and love,
Such as we angels, sing up here above!"

Thrilled and enraptured by this Heavenly
voice

I gazed up eagerly—and did rejoice
To catch within my very inmost soul
Some of the music that in heights doth roll.

"Give me, oh! Angel Friend," I cried, "a share
Of Power to express what you have uttered
there,
Teach me to help the World as you did here:
Show me to fill all saddened hearts with
cheer!"

And then adown the Golden Ladder stair
Came there an answer to my humble prayer.
"Yes, darling child! to you it shall be given
To transmit for your Brothers songs from
Heaven!

“And I will help you, often come again,
Teach you to strengthen others in their pain;
All joyous shall the lovely music be,
Which we together shall give Humanity!”

Happy and thankful. I went back to my rest,
Just for an hour I felt that I'd been blest.
Wandered with angels up the Golden Stair,
And then I fell again to Earth in Prayer!

SPIRIT-FRIENDS

Encircled am I now by Spirit-Friends,
And not alone, as to the World might seem!
They influence me towards the highest ends,
And I accept the Light! It is no Dream!

I cannot see them, but I feel them near,
Great comfort from their Presence I receive,
What! tho' the scoffer or the Worldling sneer,
“How blessed are they who see not, yet believe!”

They come about me often thro' the day,
It makes an atmosphere of Hope and Joy,
It makes me wish all others far away,
It gives a sense of Peace without alloy!

Now thank I God for this most precious Gift,
I'll treasure it and hide it well away,
Lest others, ignorant, travelling the same road,
Should deem it an untruth and laughing, say

“Why how can spirits visit us below?
They have gone on to grander Worlds than this!
They heed no more, our sorrows and our woe!
They are enraptured with their own new bliss!

But I assert, and venture to declare
They do not find it easy to forget,
They see us from their new abode in air,
They long to speak—commune with us, and yet

We shut our mental eyes and cry, “They're gone.
Ah! those are dead, they've left us for elsewhere,
We weep, lament, and think we are alone!
Are not the ministering spirits everywhere?”

Our Saviour came again, to those He loved,
"Behold, I go before to Galilee"—
"I will be with you!" He has always proved
The truth of what He said! 'Tis writ that we

Should follow on—and do the things He did,
Not backward slide, and crawl along below,
But raise our thoughts and aspirations high,
"The works that I do, ye shall do also!"

If thro' this mighty War that racks the world,
We higher views, and fresh salvation gain,
The gallant soldiers who for us have died
Will know their sacrifice has not been vain! ..

If we can see they have not died at all,
But only put their spiritual bodies on,
We who still dwell here in the natural world,
Shall reap a joy beyond comparison.

If they who see us from their higher Life,
Can raise and rescue us from sheer despair,
By inspiration, with their presence rife,
We soon shall feel that they are here! not there!

The Holy Book which carries highest truth,
Teaches that Death is to be overcome!
If Life be not renewed, how can that be?
When mortal Souls have left their earthly home!

And if we do not know and feel them near,
It would not satisfy us very long,
But oh! ye mourners, cast aside each fear.,
And open out your glad hearts to a Song!

And say, my loved one true has passed away,
"She is not dead!" There is no Death at all!
There's but transition to the Brighter Day!
And what is true for one, is true for all!

VICTORY

We trust in Thee, our wondrous God.
Who doeth all things well;
We often read Thy Holy Word,
Of marvels it doth tell!

We travel on from day to day,
Each night we seek for rest,
We feel that we must thankful be,
For we are more than blest!

And every trial that appears,
Is for our greater gain,
In righteousness, and peace, no fears
Need we show before pain!

The courage of our heroes who
Are fighting now in France,
Fills us with wish to conquer too,
And daily to advance:

If we can conquer self at home,
And perfect learn to be,
Then we shall surely win that way
The greater Victory!

THE NEW YEAR

The New Year is coming along, along!
We'll greet it this year with a song, a song!

For the war is over! sing Peace, sing Peace!
The burden is lifted, Release! Release!

We struggled and fought for those years, those
years!
We gave of our best with tears, with tears!

Let us rest now awhile, with joy! with joy!
Let us comfort the soldier boy! the Boy!

Who has fought so bravely to save England!
He deserves right well of this land! this land!

Then wish him a Happy and Bright New Year!
And give him a right hearty cheer, a cheer!

And join we together in bands; in bands!
Shake hands with us, Soldiers, shake hands, shake
hands!

BIRDS IN AUTUMN

What think the birds of this damp, cold weather?
I quite imagine they're wond'ring whether
The moisture will invade each well-built nest,
Wherein at night their custom is to rest.

I rather think they dread the coming cold,
Now that the year is really growing old,
They look about for berries on the trees,
A winter store, when other things shall freeze!

Oh, don't forget your faithful friend the Bird,
All summer long his lovely song you heard!
And now that happy time is past and gone,
He still will cheer you in your winter home.

So place a plate for him upon the sill
Load it with good things he likes, and be still,
Watching his joy and happiness! He's found
Again food waiting him upon the ground!

Our Father feeds us, too—from day to day.
He knows our wants, our needs before we say
A thing about them, so we too must share,
Our plenty with the little birds of air!

THE WORLD'S UNREST

I feel the fever of the world's unrest!
Altho' with quiet and solitude I'm blest,
The waves of ether bring along to me
Vibrations from the movements which there be
Just now awaking in the hearts of men,
As they feel Peace close unto earth again.

There is a something stirring in the air,
That comes to us, we know not how or where,
Electric flashes pass and interchange,
With one another—o'er the wide world range,
And fill our hearts, and make our pulses go,
As day by day the good news seems to grow!

I feel the passions in the hearts of men,
Rise from depression to great heights again!
While cheerful faces smile on every side
As people hurry to their work, and wide
The influence which every day gives forth,
Of hopeful tidings, reaching south and north!

O! what a splendid Christmas shall be ours,
If God so wills that all the Allied Powers,
May by that date arrive at some fixed peace,
Arranging for all war and strife to cease!
And we perhaps shall sing on Christmas morn,
Glad hymns unto the Prince of Peace—new-born!

A HYMN

Father in Heaven, Who knowest all,
Who comest at Thy children's call,
Who givest comfort, givest peace,
And, at the last our Soul's release.

From earthly bondage, and from care
We seek Thy wondrous life to share!
This thought comes to us 'midst all strife,
"To know God is Eternal Life."

Here, in the Presence of Thy Son,
We try to live so that "Well done"
May sound upon our ears at last,
When this life's journey shall be past!

Give us to work! teach us to pray
And gain a little every day,
Of strength and goodness, till we stand
With those we love in the Better Land!

PATIENCE

If in bed I cannot sleep,
If my thoughts fly everywhere,
I can always try to keep
In an attitude of Prayer.

If I toss my weary head,
Always, ever up and down!
I can still resolve that I
On all discontent will frown!

I can learn to patient be,
Lie asleep, or lie awake,
Learning like my Lord to be,
From His Hand my lesson take.

Other folk are faring worse,
Bearing more—complaining less,
Shall I not their troubles share?
Treating all with tenderness.

Oh! the sorrows of the world!
We must hold a firm resolve,
Till the Flag of Peace unfurled,
Sees these troublous times dissolve!

THE FAIRY QUEEN

The Fairy Queen lies on a couch of Roses,
Her bower is a lovely forest green!
In slumber sweet, she oftentimes reposes,
At other times she dons her regal mien!

Her golden hair in flowing, wavy tresses,
Bound by a diadem of jewels rare,
At morning, and at eventide she dresses.
And watches o'er her locks with tender care!

Her gown of gossamer all bright and flowing,
Is trimmed and edged with silver shiny beads;
Her tunic is of magic's best bestowing!
She, with a fairy wand her subjects leads!

And oftentimes by silvery waves disporting
Themselves, her elves and elfins may be seen;
Or sometimes when the summer blossoms sorting,
They dance at twilight gaily on the green.

A throne of gold and silver there they raise her!
In circles all adoring stand around;
With songs and little fairy chants they praise her,
And kneel before her lowly on the ground!

Oh! Fairy Queen, so fresh and dainty ever,
Remember to be always sweet and kind!
May your grace and good humor fail you never,
And keep on helping, poor old, dull mankind!

We need you now, we need you always! ever!
Our minds to cheer, our hearts and souls to bless,
Stay in our thoughts and leave us never, never!
Transform us with invisible caress!

Oh! Fairy Queen! I think your name is kindness,
I think that you will some day spring to view,
If stupid mortals in their selfish blindness,
Forget themselves and bow the knee to you!

THE OPAL RING

I have a friend of great renown,
Who dwells in famous London Town;
She wrote one day and said to me,
"Will you accept, my darling E.,
A ring which to you I would send,
'Twas given me by a rich friend—
But the truth is, I never wear
A ring of any sort, so share
This gift with me, my dearest friend,
And I to you the ring will send!"

"I want to tell you that it holds
An opal of great beauty! Golds
Of several colors close it in,
Yet on my finger long and thin,
It will not stay; but oh! my Friend,
I long this lovely thing to send
To you, in token of my love,
Which is as true as Heaven above!"

I answered with reluctance, "Dear,
That opals are unlucky hear
I on all sides, and perhaps you
Had better wait, and something do
Another day, with your sweet ring,
Yet it must be a lovely thing!

I here confess I longed to own
This wondrous opal! It had flown
Completely from my mind next week,
And I a change of air would seek
At a Friend's house down by the sea,
Where pleasant drives, Society,
Of every sort, and varied talk,
Kept me from thinking! On a walk
It suddenly occurred to me
To wish I had that ring, but see!
All folks say opals are unlucky,
And perhaps I'm not over plucky!

So it was best I wrote to her,
Just as I did! What is this stir
Within the house? The Postman rings,
A parcel small for me he brings;
I open it and look inside,
A white silk box—fit for a bride.
And there the opal gorgeous lies,
How it delights my wondering eyes!

"Oh! Family!" I cried, "You see
This perfect ring has come to me,
And I must keep it, wear it, too,
In token of the affection true,
Of such a Friend of great renown,
The authoress in London Town!
We read her note. She said, "I send
That ring to you! Love without end
Goes with it—and the stone is fine,
On your dear finger it must shine!
Do pray accept this ring, I beg."
(Next day I fell, and broke my leg!)

THE INDIAN SEAT

Did you ever see anything more sweet
Than my lovely old carved Indian seat?
It stands 'neath a shelter in Garden ground,
And the outlook from there to all around
Is charming, as I am sure you would say,
If you chanced to be resting there some day!

For many a month this seat could be seen
By all passers-by in the Town, I ween,
As it stood for sale in a shop window
On the main High Street where the people go,
Walking up and down, all the live-long day,
For I've seen them gaze at it and then say,
"Did you ever see anything more sweet
Than that quaint, old, rare carved Indian seat?"

A friend had sent me a very nice cheque,
Some present to buy, and she wrote, "Bedeck
Yourself with an ornament, please, from me,
Or hang something nice on your Xmas Tree,
To remind you of one who loves you much."
I pondered awhile, over such and such
A pretty thing I had seen in the Town,
But it didn't seem right somehow to crown
Myself with another rich ornament,
Though 'twas for that purpose the cheque was
sent.

One day the Gardener spoke to me,
And "What a pity it is," said he,
"That we haven't got a seat or two
Around, to command the lovely view
Which stretches from that side of the garden!
Excuse me speaking, Mum! Beg your pardon."

"There's many a visitor would sit
And meditate for a quiet bit,
If he had a seat whereon to rest!
But you knows best, Mum! Yes, you knows best!"

Next day I was passing along the street,
When whom should I suddenly chance to meet
But the Indian man who owned the shop
Where the lovely seat was, so I said "Stop,
O! my friend, and say if you can sell
That fine old seat, and the price pray tell!"

He replied, "I'm shortly going away
From this Township, and indeed any day
I'd be very glad to sell you that seat!
It's a quaint old bit, and isn't it neat?"

The amount that he named was not too high,
And if you'll believe me, it's quite true, I
Quickly remembered the cheque of my friend,
It was just the amount that she did send,
Adding, "Buy an ornament rich or rare,
Or something lovely to place in your hair,"
But I thought, "I'll get this Indian seat
To place in our garden, for it is sweet."

"I see, Mum, you took my advice!" next day
Said the Gardener, when on a nice clean dray
The Indian seat arrived for the garden,
"'Tis just the thing, Mum, begging your pardon!"

THE GOLDEN CUP

(Lines suggested on seeing for the first time the
beautiful Golden Chalice at Leamington Par-
ish Church.)

The Golden Cup! The Golden Cup!
O! lift that precious Chalice up
That all may see who gaze on it
A vessel of the Great Spirit.

Embossed with rich and rare design,
Used only for service Divine,
Seldom such glory we behold
In any Chalice made of gold.

There is a Legend that some tell,
And Priests and Monks they know it well,
Of how that vessel came to be
Located in our Sanctuary.

"One cup of water," says the Word,
"Given in Christ's Name" meets its reward;
And in the past, so runs the tale,
A Priest dreamed of the Holy Grail,

And thought that he was sent for by
A woman poor, who sick did lie;
And she was dying on the floor
Just as he reached her cottage door.

Awaking hastily he took
His gown and cassock—crossed the brook
Which ran between his home and hers,
And sought her dwelling—'mid the firs.

"Give me, oh, Father Paul," she sighed,
"One drink of water!" and then died!
Before the last rites could be given,
Her meek, sweet soul had passed to Heaven.

Greatly chagrined at her sad end,
And willing more on her to spend,
The Padre paid all funeral rites,
And blessed her cottage ere the nights

Of winter grew so dark and cold,
That he felt worn, and sad, and old;
And then he longed for help himself,
And took his Chalice from the shelf.

Where he was wont to keep it near
A sacred picture he held dear!
What did his wondering eyes behold,
But a grand cup of chased gold!

While in his ear a Voice was heard,
"Take that, Paul, you have kept My Word;
The cups of water you have given
Have turned to shining gold in Heaven.

And formed this Chalice you may use
In God's sweet service, if you choose;
Ever to follow on the Way,
It shall remind you of the day

When you sought out that woman poor,
And saw her die upon the floor."
The Father Paul thought 'twas a dream,
So wonderful the whole did seem,
Yet as he gazed with frightened air,
The Golden Chalice still was there!

And now 'tis on the Holy Table,
And some who drink from it are able,
So runs the tale, to feel the story
That hangs about the Golden Glory.

OUR ANGEL GUEST

"O!" welcome to our midst, thou Angel-Guest,
Unseen thou comest to our hearts opprest,
But not unfelt! Yea, recognized by all,
We know thy presence! It holds us in thrall!

Glories, and comfort from the world above
Thou bringest to us in thy tender love;
Solace, and sweetest inspiration, too,
Nothing we fear; thy visits still renew

All of our best hope, and remembrance sweet;
Longings and promises together meet
Thoughts of celestial joys that wait afar
For those who journey from this Earthly star!

Oh! not unfelt, dear Angel in our home,
Which once was thine, and still is! Come, oh! come
Oft to be with us, morning, noon, or night;
Only transparent air veils thee from sight!

TO MARY, THE MOTHER OF CHRIST

Sweet Mary! so Holy, the Mother of Christ!
Hear us, when with thee, we would fain keep a
tryst!

So pure, and so lovely, a Lily art Thou!
Before thee, all Angels, and spirits must bow.

Sweet Mary, so Holy! the Mother of God!
No words can express with what reverence have
trod

The millions of Souls to thy shrines in the Land!
There praying to thee, who could'st well under-
stand.

All women, all maidens, down here must partake
Of sorrow and suffering, which weak flesh doth
make;

Thou seest so many of us are forlorn;
Perhaps thou wast, too, before Jesus was born!

Give us strength, give us courage to carry the Rod,
Sweet Mary! so Holy, the Mother of God.
We see thee! we feel thee! we must thee adore:
Enlighten, assist us, and comfort us more.

THERE ARE NO DEAD

It is so sweet for those who go,
We saddened here remain!
But oh! 'tis true we love them so,
We must forget our pain.

They, to a higher realm are sent,
Their troubles here now cease;
So we must try to be content,
And yield to their release.

For them the joy—for us the pain!
And would ye hold them back?
Ye cannot, an' ye would, but fain
Ye follow in their track!

They've gained their joy before us now,
And their reward is sure,
Think of this fact, and then I know
Ye better shall endure

That separation which seemed hard,
We thought 'twould break our heart,
But now we find His Angel Guard
Says, "Still ye do not part."

They have not gone—they still are here,
'Altho' ye see them not;
So vanquish every qualm of fear,
Ye are not all forgot.

They watch us as we laugh or weep;
They long to see us glad;
They see us waking or asleep,
They hate to have us sad.

"Rejoice! Rejoice!" that cry again,
Another soul is free.
Ye would not bring her back again
When in Eternity.

She can be well, and glad, and strong
All blessings now are hers,
Oh! greet the glad day with a song,
What in our being stirs?

This thought! this hope that she yet lives
That she is ours always,
And sweet assurance Scripture gives,
That with both Prayer and Praise,

We are to "follow on" and join
Our best beloved one day!
When Holy Spirit, Father, Son,
Shall be with us alway!

PREFACE

As Autumn leaves will droop and fall
Concluding, and including all
The glories of a Summer past,
Which came in state, yet did not last—
So if my friends should care to look
Within the covers of this book,
They will find leaves of Autumn thought,
Which meditative hours have brought!

RAIN

Pouring in perfect water floods,
The rain comes pelting down.
It suits somehow to sometime moods,
When Life itself would frown!

No gaiety, no jaunts, no walks,
No sitting calm about,
But just some quiet friendly talks
As we watch the storm without!

How clean and fresh the air, the grass,
When comes the sun again!
We're almost glad that cloud did pass,
And thank God for the rain!

A SNOWSTORM

O! the snow is falling, falling o'er the landscape
cold outside,
And the Birds are calling, calling as they seek
some place to hide,
For the wintry aspect scares them, and they know
not where to seek
For the food they need so badly, just to fill each
tiny beak.

And the trees stand quiet, quiet, with their branches stretched to catch
The flakes, that, drifting riot, in many a white-
ning patch.
And the ground will soon be covered with a downy
coat of snow,
And the folk will murmur, "O how cold!", as out
in it they go.

Well! we must not mind it, for the last of all the
year is near,
And December always brings a snowstorm, or
some aspect drear.
So we'll pile the fire high with logs, and draw up
chairs around,
While the falling snowstorm works its will upon
the outside ground.

THE SCARECROW

The scarecrow stands out in the fields! So bare
It is that we shudder to see it there!
All the birds are frightened, and fly away,
Which leaves the young seeds in the ground to
stay!

And the scarecrow flaps its two ragged arms—
It almost reminds you of War's alarms—
Battered and torn, but still standing up there
To frighten away all the birds of air!

So many a thing that's ugly and thin,
May preserve a treasure that lies within
All hidden away from the sight of man,
But precious and needing—protecting ban,

To guard from marauders who watch without
To prey upon treasure that's left about!
So the scarecrow fills a valuable place,
And we must forgive him his ugly face!

Fly away, Birds, leave the seeds in the ground!
When the warm weather comes, they will be
found
Changed, and transformed into fair waving grain,
By the time glad summer comes round again!

THE SUMMER-HOUSE

The Summer-house! The Summer-house!
O place of happiness for me!
Ensconced within a garden fair,
Beneath a stalwart, branching tree!

O Summer-house! O Summer-house!
Where I may commune with the Muse,
And find, if days be long or drear,
Sometimes a Sonnet to amuse!

Thy sheltering roof, from Rain or Sun,
Doth shield, and far there from the World,
I sit in peace, while all outside,
Banners of War may be unfurled.

The roses blow! The birds sing sweet:
The seasons pass: they come and go,
Yet hidden in the Summer-house,
A sweet serenity I know!

AS LEAVES IN AUTUMN

Speak to me in my soul, O Heavenly Father,
And make Thy beautiful Commandments clear.
Grant that no whelming clouds of darkness gather
Around my path, but keep it happy here.

And when the morning sunshine falleth gaily
Athwart the Earth, and ushers in the Light,
Then may we rise with cheerful actions daily,
Prepared to do Thy Will, and work for Right.

As leaves in millions come to ground in Autumn,
So may our words and actions many be,
Countless in number, yea, more than we can sum,
Yet dedicate unto—inspired by Thee.

SUNSHINE THRO' THE RAIN

Sunlight thro' the rain,
Smiles thro' our tears—
Such is the history
Of many years!

Thunder clouds breaking,
Stars shining out,
Weird contrasts making
Round us about!

Falter we never
Treading the Road!
Nothing must sever
Us from our God.

Life's hardships meeting
With a glad smile—
All events greeting,
Just for a while!

We are at school here—
Strive on! Strive on!
Nothing we need fear
Till our Crown's won!

THE ROBIN

O! crimson-breasted Robin, hopping o'er the turf
so green,
With startled heart and half regretful eyes, thou'rt
surely seen,
For where that emerald grass now lies thy little
form below,
We think thy presence seems to presage coming
far-off snow!

Yea! where the clouds now hang all white, and
fleecy in the sky,
From thence one day shall fall the snow that
blinds and hurts the eye,
And though the covering it lays be soft and downy
too,
The icy cold is cruel, and in those days we'll see
you!

So fly away, dear Robin, let the blackbirds sing
again;
Let linnets twitter, and the thrushes make their
voices plain,
For we do not want to lose our sunshine, nor the
pleasant heat,
And sweet Autumn September is a season hard to
beat!

TO FREDERICK WALSH

(Passed away at Bordesley Green, Birmingham,
June 16th, 1923)

How terrible if there should be no Death!
No death awaiting us to set us free
For that fair Life, which in Eternity
We go to, when we draw our latest breath!
For there we hope to find the crowning wreath—
The explanation of all mystery,
Which here has puzzled us—the Golden Key,
The perfect flower there—leave here the sheath!

So let us smile, tho' sadly it may be,
When some loved friend departs just for a time—
We shall rejoin him there right royally,
And taste with him the joys of that fair clime,
And while we listen, he may often come,
And whisper to us of the Heavenly Home!

THE WINTER'S NIGHT

The winter nights seem long and cold
To those of us who're growing old.
We linger by the dying fire,
Draw to the warmth a little nigher.

Outside the sweeping, icy blast
Is passing faster, and more fast.
The birds are seeking shelter too,
And sadly calls the chill Curlew.

The yellow light of brilliant lamp
Reveals to us the printer's stamp.
We read and read, till heart and brain
Are weary of the text again!

At last we cry "Come, the day's o'er!"
And, seeking hastily the door,
We seize a candle and ascend
To where Dreams, Peace, and Sleep all blend!

TO A DAUGHTER OF ERIN

Wayward and lovely, a daughter of Erin,
Came she across the blue waters to see
What was the life in old England, and speirin'
Round for adventure, Fate introduced me!

Rosy her cheeks like the clouds in a sunset,,
Mobile her mouth as a wave of the sea,
Firm with intention her red lips she has set,
Faithful and dear, she's a comfort to me!

Wild as the shamrocks that grow in profusion
Over the hillocks of Erin's fair isle,
O! should you flatter, she'd blush in confusion;
Quick with an answer she'd force you to smile!

But when the brow is contracted in anguish,
Tender the touch, and her voice a caress:
Grieved is her heart then to see how you languish:
Heaves her fair bosom with blest tenderness.

Laughing, capricious, O daughter of Erin,
Obstinate, beauteous still is your heart!
True as God made it, and hateful of all sin.
Not for a Kingdom with it would I part!

THE LITTLE BLACK CAT

One day I was drowned in a deep despair,
And nothing seemed right, while from everywhere
Came trials and worries filling the air,
And harassing my very soul with care

So I wandered into a garden fair,
Hoping for comfort and solace out there,
And bent my steps towards a shelter, where
Stood a table, and cosy easy chair!

It was a most comfortable spot to rest,
And ponder at times over what is best.
I keep it secluded and quiet lest
The peace should be spoiled by unbidden guest.

Then there sprang to my view a welcome sight—
With paws outstretched, and a tail curled tight,
Lay a small black pussy cat, black as night,
Enjoying herself in my chair all right!

Good luck you shall bring me, pussy cat dear,
With your pretty ways and undoubted cheer,
For it is well known that good fortune here
Is the lot of those who shall find you near!

The pussy cat strange jumped and fled away,
But my cares had vanished—they did not stay—
I laughed as I thought of a roundelay,
And named it “The Pussy who called to-day!”

THE ANCHOR

Fasten it safely: chain it up tight!
The anchor is heavy; our ship is too light
To rock by herself on the billowy wave—
We need this security truly to save
Us from floating, or drifting, or slipping away—
The anchor will prove a most precious mainstay!

Heave it o'er! Lower it; now steady, boys!
Indulge in your singing—a good cheery noise
Is a help when work's heavy, but has to be done—
Sing a song then, my lads! The fast sinking Sun
Will soon dip and go under the billowy sea.
The Anchor make steady, and safe we shall be!

ALLOTMENTS

Say! have you an allotment, O my friend,
That makes you happy, as the years go by—
A little plot to cultivate and tend,
Where turnips, peas and cabbages can lie,
Where celery and cauliflowers shoot,
And other useful growing things take root?

It is a little place for happiness,
This bit of Mother Earth you call your own!
The sunshine and the rain you both can bless,
For both are needed, when the seed is sown.
And there you dig, and plant, and weed, and hoe,
And look to see the things you've put in grow!

With wheelbarrow you start at early morn.
The wife says, "Bring us something, John, for
lunch!"
With step determined, to the manner born,
You start, and ere long bread and cheese you'll
munch!
For it is hard work, digging, bending low
To raise the precious, needed potato!

But still with pride and joy you persevere!
This is your own allotment, and no doubt
With time, and with attention fixed, severe,
You'll find there's something ready to come out!
Then home with joy you'll go—food in each
hand—
And cry, "Here's something from our bit of land!"

So the allotments are a mine of wealth,
Better than jewels, money, or fine gold!
They furnish you a good supply of health
And occupation—where you grow not old,
But rather find your youth renewed with work,
And learn with Adam that you must not shirk!

THE MOONSTONE

The Moonstone is a fair, pale shimmering thing—
Place it upon your neck, or in a ring,
And it reflects and gives out a sweet light,
Which men call lucky! So you see it's right
That everyone should have a moonstone, where
They can enjoy and love its beauty rare!

A stone of goodly size was mine one year;
It came from Ceylon, and the friend so dear,
Who brought it, said to me at Xmas time,
"Accept this: on your bosom let it shine!"
So I accepted it with a pleased smile
And had it set in very modern style!

Four months I wore that stone both night and day.
My friends admired and would often say,
"I'm sure that Moonstone to you fortune brings!
Beware of losing it, lest then on wings
Your good luck should depart and nought atone!"
So carefully I watched my precious stone!

One day the lovely pendant vanished quite.
I sought in vain: it had gone from my sight
My lover coming back from India's Strand,
Claimed me his Bride, and took my shrinking
hand.
He led me to the Holy Nuptial Altar,
And cast around my neck a jewelled halter!

ONE DAFFODIL

One daffodil, O, precious thing,
Before the poor man's door!
More pleasure I believe you bring
Than countless ones in store,
That crowd the gardens of the great,
That fill the shop-windows!
One daffodil in simple state,
And golden glory glows!

Joy to his eyes! Hope to his heart
You, little plant, may give—
A token of the larger part,
Which helps the soul to live—
A tiny piece of the great whole,
Shall not the poor man stand
The equal of the rich or great
In the far Better Land?

THE MILL WHEEL

O! the Mill Wheel! See the Mill Wheel! It is
going round and round,
Splashing, roaring, spray out-pouring, everywhere
upon the ground.
While the sunshine glistening, sparkling, makes a
rainbow o'er its foam,
And we hear it as we wander, onward thro' the
twilight home.

So the Mill Wheel of our lives is turning, turning
daily round,
Sometimes gaily, sometimes sadly, are we covering
the ground:
Sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping, and the
Rainbow of our smiles
Sure is needed to irradiate, and our sad hours it
beguiles.

Turn on, Mill Wheel! you are casting cooling drops
upon the soil;
Keep on, brethren, hasting with your kindly deeds
for those who toil—
Let the Mill Wheel with its rushing, roaring waters
be to you
Just an emblem of the mighty, ceaseless good you
all can do.

WHAT THE LADY MAY SAID

The Lady May stopped at my door;
She said, "I have seen you before,
But, O! it was so long ago,
Before last Winter's sleet and snow!

"I ran away and hid down south;
I filled my rosy, laughing mouth
With oranges, and every fruit
That nymphs or loving maidens suit.

"I made myself garlands of flowers
To while away the sunny hours!—
Great violets, and carnations sweet,
And roses lay about my feet!

"I culled them—heaps of them—each day:
I quite forgot my name was May!—
Forgot, and thought it must be Flora,
Till one in khaki whispered 'Dora!'"

,"And then I rose and sought the camps,
Where, lingering 'mid unhealthy damps,
Thousands of suffering soldiers lay,
To them I whispered 'I am May!'"

"I am that friend who long ago
In England's home showed you the snow,
Or sometimes, when in mood serene,
May blossoms peeping in between!

"The lovely hedges where the birds
Sang melodies, all without words,
And now I've come to France awhile,
To help you all again to smile!

"I shall stay here till the New Year
Comes in, to bring us better cheer,
And so I left each lad a-smiling,
With happy hope, and glad beguiling!"

THE DUSTMAN

The dustman smiled as he bowed to me!
"Yes! few are busy as I!" said he,
"For the world is always full of dust,
Yet somehow to deal with it we must!
We shovel it up, and shovel it down,
And cart it all around the town!

Wherever we go there seems to be
More dust than there's water in the Sea!
It blows about, and it gets through holes,
And it aggravates our very souls!
Then it blinds the eyes, and fills the mouth
Blown along by a wind from the South!"

And so we are led to moralize
Most things are dust here under the skies;
And we ourselves shall return to dust,
(Then under his arm the broom he thrust!)
Most things are dust now under the Sun,
As dust shall end what dust has begun.
"So I'm always busy!" the dustman passed,
And a thick cloud of dust hid him at last!

TO RODDY

(A friend's collie dog.)

"Roddy!" our constant, well-beloved friend,
Companion of my youth's fair, happy days,
Would that for thee sweet life need have no end,
For I would sing of thee with heartfelt praise!

Always a welcome in thy happy bark,
Always a welcome in that wagging tail,
Thy bright eyes shining at us in the dark,
Lit with adoring love that cannot fail.

What walk so happy as when thou didst run
Blithely and cheerfully along the way!
How good to see thee sporting in the Sun,
Or seeking shelter on a sultry day!

Friend of us all, dear Roddy, may we meet
Again in spheres where partings are no more.
With love eternal there, I shall thee greet,
And cry, "Dear Roddy, mine forevermore!"

IMAGINATION

Imagination sees what is not there!
It is indeed a faculty most rare!
With it the poor man gets himself great wealth;
With it the sick man conjures himself health!
And be it said there's more of truth in this
Than many a wise man of the World doth wis'!

Imagination sees just everywhere
The things she wants! O! Joy beyond compare—
O simple way of gaining all in life
Without the turmoil or the heat of strife!
You've doubtless heard of Castles built in Spain—
Imagination knows they're not in vain!

Now hearken to this rhyme, good friend, my reader,
'Tis for your benefit I would be pleader—
I beg you Imagination to enrol
Among those best friends you hug to your soul!
With her you'll journey far, and journey free
To any country, e'en beyond the sea!

In all achievement, or ambitious plan,,
You will find that Imagination can
Assist you more in getting what you want
Than any other friend! However scant
Her garments, and her substance, she will bless
You with an ever growing happiness!

THE STAR SAPPHIRE

Far in the streams of Ceylon's Isle,
Round which the sparkling wavelets smile,
Once lay upon the rocky earth
A gem of most uncommon worth,
And in the bosom of the stream
This star-sapphire did dimly gleam.

Until at last a searcher found
The lovely thing there on the ground,
And brought it out to light of day,
Where sun could on its surface play,
And then the owner knew that he
Had found a gem of rarity.

As poured the light upon the stone,
He saw the splendid violet tone
Of the fair sapphire in his hand,
And grasped it trembling. Ceylon's land
Had seldom seen more beauteous thing,
Fitted indeed for brooch or ring.

The Corundum, with its six rays,
Shining away as if to praise
The Great Creator, who could make
So fair an object. "Now I'll take
This stone up to the big Hotel
Where all the foreign travellers dwell.

"And see if one therein may be
A purchaser of this from me!"
Thus spake the owner in delight,
But waited till the tropic night
Should fall and stars come out above
O'er Ceylon's Isle—so rich in love.

And beauty—Nature's fav'rite child,
Where charms of every sort beguiled
The European traveller who
Oft landed there this isle to view.
It chanced that one was staying there
Who loved all things of splendor rare,

And knew Dame Fortune smiles upon
The owner of a sapphire stone,
Wherein lie hidden the six rays
That make the star a perfect blaze.
Oft had he seen in street and shop
Jewels like this—would often stop

Their striking brilliance to admire,
Their gleaming, blue, translucent fire.
Yet had he never thought to own
Himself, a fair star-sapphire stone.
Poetry he loved, and art as well—
Indeed within him there did dwell

A soul that would find God in all
Things beautiful, or great, or small.
And now it chanced that to him came
The Cingalee with eyes aflame.
“O ,sir,” cried he, “buy, buy from me
This stone, which I would sell to thee

“I owe a debt of more rupees
Than I can pay, and should this please
Your honour, and a sale take place,
I could discharge my debt with grace!”
The sapphire gleamed within his hand—
An eager suppliant he did stand.

The Poet stood in rapt surprise,
The dazzling gem before his eyes;
The price was high—but O! how fair
The sapphire shone! What could compare
With this strange gem from Ceylon’s stream?
How fitly on some hand would gleam!

No longer could he now refuse,
So paid the price—he could not choose.
The seller bowed, and left in bliss:
The Poet sighed; the stone was his.
That night as he laid fast asleep,
All wrapt in restful slumber deep,

To him there came a wondrous dream,
That like reality did seem—
A Being from another sphere
Into his presence floated here,
Beside his couch in Ceylon’s Isle,
And gazed upon him with a smile!

* * *

“I am the Spirit of the stone,
Which from this happy day you’ll own,
And know now that I bring to you
A gift that’s precious, rare, and true.
For men shall flock to see this ring,
And they to you will friendship bring,

“More than you’ve ever known before.
Many shall knock upon your door,
And love to see the starry rays
Which lie within this stone and raise
Up for you many nights and days
Of happiness with simple praise.

But you must live with motive high,
Prepared to dwell on, or to die,
To do God’s Will in Earth, or Heaven,
For this to you a charge is given.
So shall you happily wear on
The star-rayed sapphire of Ceylon!”

* * *

And having spoken thus she passed
Away from out his sight at last.
While he was left in wondering thought
At the sweet message she had brought,
Pondering as he slowly woke
Upon the words the Spirit spoke.

This dream, so strange, did yet prove true,
For as the Poet older grew,
He found himself with hosts of friends,
More than the usual kind Fate sends.
And daily lived with him the Ring,
Whose story here to you I sing.

A KING INDEED

“Strip off those jewels all, and let me see
If that man still a Royal King will be!
Thus spake in tones of proud and haughty might
The conqueror—after a weary fight
In chains he drew a King behind his car—
A monarch vanquished in a foreign war!

Quickly they tore the bracelets from each arm,
The shield that had protected him from harm,
The jewelled scabbard of his sword removed
Which such a mighty friend in fight had proved.
And all the chains that hung around his neck,
The rings which his great hands did well bedeck!

Even the Crown that might have told a story!
Stript and bereft of all this outward glory,
The King stood yet upright, and grand in soul,
His countenance showed still sublime control;
His eyes shone with the knowledge of His God,
In Whom he trusted, for he'd ever trod
In ways of charity, and kindness too,
And now he stood, a man exposed to view.

My life is yours to take!" he cried aloud
Before a listening and amazed crowd.
"One stroke from yonder headsman and I fall—
No succour would avail if I should call,
Or plead for help!—but know, O mighty King,
That far beyond this Earth my soul shall spring
Upward, and soaring ever through the air,
I shall escape to regions far more fair

Than anything you ever yet have known,
There shall I stand before Jehovah's throne!
These baubles, and these jewels you have torn ,
From my poor body, only have been worn
To satisfy and please my people's pride,
And very gladly them I cast aside!
The jewels which no man can take from me
Lie hidden deeply in Eternity.

They are the deeds I did for others' good—
The cup of water, or the daily food
Supplied to starving men—the words I said
When broken-hearted mourners laid their dead
Upon the ground, nor knew which way to turn,
For comfort—such as these I did not spurn,
But helped to raise the lowly and the meek,
And said. "They surely find, the ones who seek!"
All of my past is mine beyond reclaim—
I hold it in the Strength of God's Great Name!"

Awed, and struck dumb by such a noble speech,
The conquering King both hands did then outreach!
"Come, brother, you are every inch a King!
These baubles, glittering jewels, everything
That I have taken, to you I restore
Your freedom, and a King you stand once more;

Yours is a Kingdom that no man can move;
 Yours is a throne founded and built on Love!
 Show me the man who can more fitly claim
 To bear of Sovereignty the Royal name!
 Goodness—true wealth—by all must be declared—
 Pass! go in peace; by me your life is spared!”

THE SACRED PICTURE

There is a tiny chapel near a wood,
 Where, long ago, in safety sweet there stood
 A sacred picture of Our gracious Lord
 Expounding to a little group The Word,
 And mostly children, all His audience there,
 Those little ones He always held so dear.

During the war the soldiers often came
 To look at it and bow before the same,
 While some said healing properties it had,
 And seeing it would make the folk feel glad!

It chanced one morning that a General, who
 Had been twice wounded, and, as all men knew,
 Had trouble with his shoulder, a stiff arm,
 Came in and prayed to be kept free from harm
 All through the battle on the following day,
 When he must lead his men in an affray.

“O, God!” he cried aloud, in anguish there,
 “For ordinary danger I don’t care,
 If I could only use my good right arm
 And hold my sword—then naught would me alarm!
 But in a sling to carry it, and go
 Half helpless ’gainst a cruel, fiendish foe!
 Thou canst do all things, as I do believe;
 Grant me, O Lord, this blessing to receive.”

The church was empty. The sun’s slanting beams
 Peeped thro’ a stained glass window. Now he
 dreams—

His head sinks low in meditation deep,
 And presently the General falls asleep:
 Alone and peaceful, resting gently there;
 Nought is apparent, but the evening air
 Carries with it a messenger from God.
 Who oft before to our poor earth has trod.

An angel visitant, and one who knew
 His mission was to help in answering true
 And faithful prayers before this Holy Shrine,
 Which sheltered such a picture, rare, divine.
 Softly he whispered in the General's ear,
 "Arise now, friend! The answer is made clear.
 For what you need, and what, in faith, you ask—
 A whole right arm to aid you in your task!"

"I've dreamed!" the General said, opening his eyes.
 "Methought an angel came, to my surprise,
 And said "Your arm is well." It cannot be!
 And yet the picture seemed to smile sweetly
 On him, and rising up he turned to go,
 With aching heart, back to his tent, when lo!
 The sling his right arm carried suddenly
 Broke and came off. Then to his ecstasy
 He found his arm would stretch out whole and
 well.

(It is a sort of miracle I tell!)

In sheer amazement, but with joy unfeigned
 The General tried once more! He had regained
 The full use of his so precious right arm,
 To aid, protect, and keep himself from harm!
 The holy picture still is hanging there,
 In that quaint chapel, listening to prayer,
 And healing those who come in simple faith.
 "Ask and ye shall receive!" the Scripture saith,

"NOWT "

In Lancashire North, where the maidens are fair,
 They have a quaint way of replying up there.
 If ye ask them a question 'bout which they don't
 care

"Nowt!"

It ye slip an arm gently around and about
 A fair lassie's waist, be she slender or stout,
 She'll probably answer with just a wee pout—

"Nowt!"

If ye say "Do ye love me, and may I explain
 My feelings, dear lassie, my heart is in pain?"
 She'll smile at ye mebbe, but still the refrain

Is "Nowt!"

Do ye ken any news that is cheerful to hear?
 Can ye brighten my heart, from my ee'en wipe
 the tear?

She'll glance at ye straightly, without any fear,
 And answer "Nowt!"

So the Lancashire lassies may bide where they
 be.

They'll get no more courting this season from me,
 And if they should question, the answer may be
 "Nowt!"

TO A PICTURE ENTITLED "FANCY"

O Fancy Fair, of joyful mien,
 By mortals thou art seldom seen,
 And yet thy sweet enchanting face
 Would strew the path of Life with grace!

Thy golden locks that stream behind
 Fluttering, and curling in the wind,
 Like tendrils are of some rare Vine,
 Suggesting loveliness divine!

Thine eyes of flashing, azure blue
 Would seem to look us through and through!
 The more we gaze at thee, we see
 Thou'rt precious to Humanity!

Come on our path, and lightly tread
 The way with us: let it be said
 That tho' we are in love with thee,
 We ever shall be Fancy free!

A FAIR NOVEMBER

November, dreaded month of all the year,
 How quickly hast thou called and passed us by!
 And as we faintly wondered with a sigh,
 "How shall we live this month without a tear?"
 Lo! every day the sun rose, bringing cheer,
 And seemed to say, "Fear not! Thy God is
 nigh!"

His presence is a light unto the eye,
 And there is nought we have to dread or fear!"

E'en in November roses may be found!
Not every leaf has fallen—Trees stand brave,
While other blossoms linger on the ground,
And Earth herself is not a weary grave
For Nature's loveliness—so smile again—
November bringeth joy as well as pain!

TO DENNIE

To meet an old friend after many years,
And find her love unchanged—Ah! this endears
Her to our hearts, and we can recognize
The same sweet soul that e'er looked from her
eyes.

To know her grown in thought and mind more
broad,
Yet still as faithful in each mood and word
To the high standard, that was ever hers—
All this within our bosom gladness stirs!

O, Dennie, many friends were ever thine;
How many lives with thine thou dost entwine!
May every blessing, fairest and divine,
Await thee everywhere. This wish is mine!

TRAVELLING BY TELEPHONE (A Dream.)

A beauteous being stood within my room one sum-
mer's day,
Much her arrival startled me—with wonder I
cried, "Pray
Explain to me, O friend, whom now I recognize at
last,
How have you reached me here from London
Town so very fast?

" 'Tis long since we have met, yet still I've borne
you in my heart,
And all your lovely nature of my life still forms a
part;
But one thing puzzles me, and this it is, I frankly
own,
How have you reached me here so suddenly, and
all alone?"

Throwing her arm around my neck with loving
sweet caress,
She whispered, "'Tis a mystery—to you I will
confess—

My presence here is part of a rare new discovery—
A new invention patented with electricity!

"The fact is," she continued in mysterious under-
tone,

"I've travelled down from London Town upon
the telephone!

We learn to fuse our beings with the wires in a
way

That's difficult now to explain, but you will know
some day!

"We dematerialize, in fact, like Spirits as 'tis
known,

And that is how we manage travelling by the
telephone!

It's really wonderful, and I myself can only stay
A short, short time, but hope to come again another
day!

She seemed so fair, ethereal, it filled me with
amaze,

While all that I could do was just to look at her
and gaze,

And wonder how she managed this. It puzzled
me, I own,

To view a lady who had travelled down by tele-
phone!

Still as I watched she seemed to sink, and vanish
towards the floor,

She sought to pass herself between the wardrobe
and the door.

And presently I found myself again left all alone,
While from a distance came the sound of tinkling
telephone!

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL

Now up! Now down, on turns the Wheel—

Dame Fortune is a fickle maid

Remember this all ye who feel

Of grim misfortune oft afraid!

Now up, now down, the wheel turns round,
And some are high, who shall be low.
From near the sky, down to the ground,
It must be so! Yes! on they go!

Revolving fast, revolving long,
Life's wheel turns on down here below,
And solving problems deep and strong,
We men must follow on also.

Now up! Now down! Ye take your turn,
Children of men, ah! wail not so,
For if Dame Fortune's smiles are stern,
At times, they too make wreathéd show!

THE GATE OF REMEMBRANCE

O! pass with me thro' a small gate
That leads to spaces wide;
The Sea of Life rolls there beyond
The ebb, and flow of tide.

Far-reaching is the aspect there,
Beyond all mortal ken,
And mem'ry stretches backward where
The past smiles an Amen!

"In Remembrance" read these letters
Written o'er this tiny gate!
Our attention chains and fetters
This recalling of past fate.

First we think of deeds and faces
In a sweet succession quick,
Then we dream of perfect places,
Till the heart grows sad and sick,

For those joys that once hung round us
In the happy long ago—
Close then the Gate of Remembrance,
Perhaps it is better so!

A RED LILY

My love is like a lily, deep and red
Mysterious, half-closed and full of dread.
I fear to have it open and display
Its quivering depths to light of common day.

My love is for mankind and for all good,
Not limited to one—'tis understood.
But Love itself, like rainbows many hued,
Plays o'er the surface of my life endued

With passion, suffering, and often pain!
With hope, rejoicing, laughter comes again,
And, ere the lily opes to show its heart,
In quiet solitude it dwells apart

TO G. C.

He served! What more can any being do?
He served mankind, and served His God in them.
Now shall he reap a recompense most true,
And wear an everlasting diadem.

PULL TOGETHER

If the world would pull together, this today and
every day,
We would soon see whether Unity was not a
thing to pay;
Then the roaring strife of quarrels, and dissensions
all would cease,
And Humanity would settle down to some real
kind of peace.

If Mankind would pull together like the brothers
that they are,
There's no doubt that something better here would
take the place of War,
And the earth would have a chance of showing
what she best can do—
O! Give her that chance, fellow-men, for her welfare
rests with you!

When our gallant Prince came home, he brought
us all a message here,
And it's sounding thro' the Empire, with its thrilling
note and clear—
"Pull together!" so now take it, and let every class
be bent
On carrying out this splendid precept, that's for
our guidance sent.

THE NEW LIFE

The way to be born to the new self is to die to the
olden creeds,
To lose the longing for golden pelf, in desire for
nobler deeds,
To pass away from the old sad life to one that is
far more grand,
To hold up a torch, and carry it high, to help along
in the land.

The way to be born to the new self is to leave the
old behind,
To take and to make a finer thing of the wonder-
ful human mind,
To teach it to rule the body, keeping it under
control,
That flesh may submit and bow itself before the
rule of Soul.

So yield yourselves to the new things of life as
they come along,
And join your voice, as you rejoice, in making a
grand new song.

And then when the Earth and the Heavens all
shall melt and pass away,
You will still be found to have standing ground
beneath your feet alway!
And you can not sink, you shall not shrink, at
whatever God reveals,
You will bear the shock, if you stand on the Rock,
which guards, and strengthens and heals.

TO A WHEELBARROW

Friend of the honest working man of toil,
The Gardener, and the tiller of the soil,
I sing to thee—not to the plough and harrow,
But rather unto thee, humble wheelbarrow!

Without this friend to help him in his work,
His task might e'en the keenest gardener irk,
But where the paths are straight, and long, and
narrow—

There goes along with him his good wheelbarrow!

Freshly the breeze blows, and the shining Sun
Looks pleasantly upon the work that's done.
There lights the Robin, and there chirps the Spar-
row—

I often see them near the old wheelbarrow!

But if it were not for this humble friend,
Full many a task would linger o'er its end,
Where almost breaks the spine, and melts the
marrow,

There in unfailing strength stands the Wheel-
barrow!

THE SHINING LAND

I have come from a far shining land,
Where the Sun rules the night and the day,
Where the silvery waves lave the strand,
And their white-crested caps seem at play.

There no trouble or sorrows prevail;
There the life is a glorious one,
And no pen and no language the tale
Of that land can describe 'neath the sun!

O! the flowers are fairer than fair,
And the songs of the birds are sublime,
And no clouds cast a shadow up there
In that heavenly, perfect, sweet clime.

O! I long to return to that Home,
When all sorrow and sighing are done,
And as soon as my Angel calls, "Come!"
Then I'll fly with her back to the Sun.

TO E. C. C.

One more radiant human being
Gone to join the Choir of Light;
One more blinded creature seeing
Heaven's bright Day, after Earth's night.

Once again the choirs celestial,
Anthems full of welcoming,
For this traveller terrestrial,
Sweetly raise, and gladly sing.

She, who lived a life of beauty,
Showed to others here the way,
Now shall reap reward of Duty,
While on Earth we yet must stay.

May God grant us such a passing,
Full of years and full of Peace,
When we cross the rapid River,
And Death gives us full release.

TO AGNES

Beautiful Agnes, young and so radiant,
Waiting art thou on the far distant shore!
Earth could not hold thee, and love could not
chain thee;
Ne'er shall our fond arms encircle thee more.

Graceful and girlish, the pride of thy parents,
Dear to the family, loved by us all,
Say, what strange destiny called thee away from
us,
How didst thou hear it, the trumpeter's call?

Was it an angel, in garment of whiteness,
Leaning above thee, who bade thee awake,
Lured thee with music, enchanted and drew thee
Could'st thou not linger here, just for our sake?

"Nay!" thou repliest, "I love ye, I see ye!
Mourn me not absent; I still shall be near—
'Tis ye who are sleeping! I am in happiness!
O my best loved ones that hold me so dear!

“Travel your Earth lives in patience and kindness;
Think of me watching and loving you all.
Weep not with tears that betray a great blindness,
Is not my spirit just freed from earth’s thrall?

“Still am I Agnes, your loved one and loving,
Waiting and watching, and close to you still;
And there are others, too, whispering, proving
They are not dead—no! such is not God’s Will.

“I am among them, and glorious our living,
Happiness more than you ever could dream.
Just a short message this, dearest of Fathers,
Through a strange hand, yet familiar ’twill seem.

“Take it as written, and marvel not, wondering,
Message of love and of truth that I tell;
Accept it and bless it, and thankfully use it,
Your little Agnes is living and well!”

FIRELIGHT SHADOWS

Firelight-shadows dancing on the wall,
How they flicker! How they do recall
Days now past of happy long ago,
When I sat to hear your loved voice low,

Telling me, O darling Mother mine,
Of your life, and ever you’d entwine
Some sweet precept—teach a lesson true
To the child, who listened then to you.

Darling I am ever striving still
God’s behest, and yours, to e’er fulfil,
And with great rejoicing, well I know
You can watch our lives unfold below.

You are never really far away,
Tho’ at times you must mount with the day
To your new and perfect life above—
Still you’re linked with us in bonds of Love!

And we know and feel it in this home,
Realize your presence when you come,
Influence so potent and so sweet—
Ah! what ecstasy when we shall meet!

A PRAYER

My soul refreshed by silent prayer
Returns to earthly thought;
New hopes, new strength I now can share,
For these to me are brought!

Unstable, weak, and full of sin,
My being still must fight,
And, in the end, shall conquering win,
And rise through the dark night!

To higher planes, and fuller trust,
Where faith is lost in sight,
And yet, leave it to God I must,
For His is all the Might.

And so another day goes by,
Another step is past,
And nearer to Eternity
We draw, our Goal at last!

PEBBLES

I love to count the pebbles
That lie upon the shore—
They seem just like God's blessings,
To be in number more
Than any human being
Can ever count at all—
His Mercies, like the pebbles,
All sizes great and small.

BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER SHINES THE EVENING STAR

Brighter and brighter shines the Evening Star,
As daylight passes, and recedes afar.
Brighter and brighter shines the human Soul,
As through the dark it passes to its Goal.

C A N

O! little word that means so very much—
Three letters make it, but the mighty touch
 Of strength and life it gives, and seems to teach,
 Is something a whole alphabet can't reach!

To say, and feel "Ah, yes! I will and can!"
 Does wholly transform any timid man!
 A hero rises from the bed of "can't,"
 Prepared a whole new song of Life to chant!

Small "Can" has worked this wonder and again
 We give our thanks—his power is so plain.
 Whenever you are starting a new plan,
 Call in the friendly help of little "Can"!

THE LYRE

Methinks each human being is a Lyre
 For God to touch, and gently play upon;
 And as he tunes it ever high and higher,
 It grows more fit for Praise and Orison.

SLEEP

A maiden flying through the blue-black air,
 Of starry night, eludes me everywhere.
 Vainly I clutch her Garment—vainly weep—
 Alas! that lovely maiden's name is Sleep!

PEACE IN SOLITUDE

Peace when the turbulent spirits have left us,
 Peace when we wander alone.
 Say not their anger of joy has bereft us,
 Calm still—the mind's undertone.

Lightly the breeze stirs, and ripples the waters
 Quiet the depths underneath.
 Peaceful and smiling are Neptune's fair daughters
 The foaming breakers beneath.

Steadfast the rock is, on which we are fixing
 Our shield of faith as we go.
 Joy with our labours is endlessly mixing,
 And it shall triumph o'er woe.

THE ANGELS

White Angels in thousands encircle the Throne
Of Him, who is Mighty! Our great God alone
Knows their number, their being, and why they
are there,
But His Bidding they do, and His Way they
prepare.

Great Souls are great Angels in Heavenly Life—
They fought and they conquered in Earth's weary
strife!

So now, 'tis their joy to help others along,
And lead them to join in the Heavenly Song!

Grand praises and chants, thro' the spheres shall
resound—

Harmonious chorals, and wonders of sound!
For the actions, and thoughts of the children of
Earth,

When translated, form music of beautiful worth!

Such joy to the Angels is all goodness rare—
They see its vibrations arise thro' the air,
While bright colours radiant, and haloes most
grand,

Encircle all those who do good in the land!

So worship with Angels! Sing laud and sing
praise!

All honour to Him, who is "Ancient of Days"!
With choirs invisible we can join in thought,
And realize what triumphs for us Christ has
bought!

TO MISS EDITH THOMSON ON HER BIRTHDAY

O valued friend, whose presence with us here
Unfeigned example of righteousness doth show,
How gladly on this Birthday would we greet
The happy day, and may it overflow

With richest blessings—bring thee love of friends,
Esteem, and peacefulness in thine own heart,
Content with life, and patience, which e'er bends
To fill God's Will, and nobly do thy part.

Industry reigns supreme in all thy life;
No idle moments of regret are thine;
A valiant share in the World's daily strife,
A countenance where cheerfulness doth shine!

So, may we on this Birthday recognize
How well thou fillest here the great behest—
"Work, while ye have the day!" for in God's eyes,
Work nobly done brings ever sweetest rest.

TO L. E.

So many friends hast thou, my friend,
That when a tiny poem I send,
To speak of thy so kindly heart
I fear to play superfluous part,
In telling once again what all
Know well! Thy goodness doth enthrall!
For Charity and Industry
Go walking side by side with thee
And all who know a cultured mind
Is God's best gift to human kind,
Can see that He has blest thee well,
Beyond what words of mine can tell!
So, Lena, keep me in thy thought
With kindness, and suffer nought
To separate two such old Friends,
For Love to Life enchantment lends!

A CHILD'S LULLABY

Sleep peacefully within thy bed this night,
And waken not until the morning light
Comes peeping through the curtained window-
pane,

Rousing thee up to work and play again!

Sleep peacefully, my little child, and rest:
Pillow thy downy head upon this breast.
Let us thank God we hold each other dear;
Let us rejoice that He is ever near!

Sleep peacefully, dear Lamb of Love, and rest
Together thou and I—so greatly blest!
Love is the Angel's food, all pure and white.
Hush! and sleep, little one, while it is night!

THE VOICES

Do you hear them, hear the Voices
Calling to you o'er Life's sea?
Some are grieving, some deceiving,
Still they call, "Hearken to me!"

Do you hear them—hear the Voices?
Some of joy and gladness speak,
Brilliant pictures, without sadness,
They depict for those who seek.

Sometimes voices to the Conscience
Whisper, "Duty, born of Love,
Is the highest gift from Heaven
Which a man can ever prove.

Toil and strive, and still climb higher!
Fear not Death, and fear not Life.
All is well if you aspire
Just to seek God in the strife.

Sometimes falling, sometimes rising,
Battling on again, again,
So the human race goes calling
"Victory" across the plain.

Voices! Voices! listen to them,
Tho' at times confused they be.
They are calling, Mortals, to you
Ever o'er Life's stormy sea.

THE GUIDANCE OF THE SPIRIT

Trust the guidance of the Spirit,
'Tis a thing that never fails:
Everything that we inherit
'Fore its lovely influence pales.

Subtle, strange, and unexpected
Are the ways in which it leads:
Keep your hearts and thoughts collected—
Happy is the one who heeds!

Rules there are not, but exceptions
To all ordinary things,
In the actions and perceptions
Which into the soul it brings.

Stillness, quiet, and devotion
Necessary are to it;
Holy wishes and emotions
Bring to us the great Spirit.

Peace and happiness it gives us:
Hearken, O! my brethren all,
To that Inward Voice which speaks thus—
Listen for the Spirit's Call!

RETROSPECTION

As I look back across the stormy waves of Life's
sad sea,
So many flashes bright gleam out upon the far
gone past.
I seem to see a plain, with myriads of flowers on
the lea;
It all is so bewildering, that I close my eyes at
last.

As I look back upon my heart's strange journey
o'er the road,
And think how many I have loved, how many
have loved me,
I wonder if all men have trod a pathway half as
broad,
And if as many varied sights in their lives they
did see.

And ever broader grows the stream, as I am
carried down;
Further apart the banks are lying, and the
current's swift,
And tho' the lights shine out at times, from many
a nestling Town,
Still on I go, and never land, but am compelled
to drift.

Yet somehow—somewhere, all will end! My little
craft will reach
A Harbour safe, and silent, on a happy Golden
Shore,
And there I well shall know the meaning of things
without speech,
And rest, and understand, and dwell in peace
for evermore.

THE EVENING STAR

A cloud across the Evening Star
Obscures its light from view,
And yet we know it shines afar
Still yonder in the blue!

A sorrow passes o'er the mind,
And life is dark awhile,
But if the morrow shall prove kind,
Again we hope to smile!

So mind not cloud, and fear not pain—
They both have here a place;
Each one makes us more glad again
To see Joy's smiling face!

WELCOME TO A ROSE

O! welcome, perfect Rose upon the thorn—
Thrice welcome in our garden this fair morn!
Upon a radiant day in June thou'rt born.
Welcome!

No rarer work of Art can Nature show—
Such colouring—such beauty bending low!
Glad greeting we most fittingly bestow.
Welcome!

To be so beautiful doth make thee blush!
No rough embrace thy fragile form must crush,
Altho' to gaze on thee we quickly rush
Welcome!

Great God, Who madest every lovely thing—
The flower to bloom, the tiny bird to sing—
Grant that each rose into our hearts may bring
A Welcome!

AT SUNSET

To see the glory of the Sunset calling
To happy thoughts and walks across the fields,
To hear the heart and voice of Nature calling,
And feel the quiet joy this seeing yields.

Such is toward evening oftentimes thy blessing,
Great God, Who made and lovest everything;
And with all grateful hearts Thy Power confessing,
We lift our hearts to Thee, and anthems sing!

LITTLE THINGS

'Tis often little things in life that help us by the
way—
Events quite small, by many folks, perhaps, unno-
ticed they—
A tiny child will smile with glee, as trustfully it
dares
To look at us, tho' strange we be, it seems to
banish cares!

A singing bird breaks forth in trills; a robin
hops around,,
His swelling breast with love is full—we watch
him o'er the ground!
A sudden burst of sunshine, where the clouds
looked dark and grey,
Will often brighten up the mind, and cheer us for
the day!

An early flower, when winds are cold, the meeting
with a friend—
All trifles these, and yet, somehow, they can
enchantment lend—
A kindly look, a word of praise that sinks deep in
the heart,
The thought of future meeting with that friend
from whom we part!

Ah, well can I remember one December morn so
grey,
When darkness reigned at seven o'clock—it
scarcely seemed like day—
A sudden sound brought to my heart of happiness
a ray—
'Twas just a little errand boy, passed whistling on
his way!

RAIN

At last it comes, each drop is worth
A thousand pounds to England's earth!
Without the rain, the crops must fail;
Come on then, thunder, lightning, hail!

All moisture from the skies must fall.
The Power that ruleth over all
Has thus decreed, that in the earth
Shall die the seed to give fruit birth!

Yet from above must come the food,
Both sun and rain, which makes it good!
So on this very rainy day
We will give thanks and gladly say,

Our Heavenly Father, Who doth know
Just what His children need below,
Loving and kind hath sent this rain.
Let's thank Him o'er and o'er again!

NEXT SPRING

The Spring! the darling Spring!
O! 'tis of her I sing
Because she left us, O! so long ago!
Ere we can meet again,
We have to pass thro' rain,
And hail, and sleet, and probably much snow!

But we know that lovely Spring,
(Yes, it is of her I sing!)

Never really has forgotten to be kind!
She is hiding well away,
But she'll meet us—come next May,
And in the meantime we need not be blind.

To the things she gave us here,
The beginning of the year,
All the birdies and the blossoms which she
brought!

Then the summer came along,
And with her a gorgeous throng
Of helping Nymphs, and Fairies gay! She
taught

Them to finish fine and well
Spring's fair work begun, and tell
Of surprises never ending still in store!
So we'll look ahead some way,
Dreaming of another May,
For we mean to love her always more and more!

AT LAST Dedicated to Rosa

Ah! say it not too low, so sweet the words
That show we're welcome, when the door-sill's
past,
When entering the presence of our friend,
And she exclaims, "You've come at last, at
last!"

A welcome so spontaneous, and so fresh
Must hold us ever by a link made fast.
Glad fall the friendly words upon our ears—
"You've come to us, you're really here at last!"

Doubting our faith at times, if love be firm;
Doubting are we if our arrival cast
Regret or gladness o'er those friends we see
Awaiting us, but now we know—"At last!"

So shall it be in some far distant time,
When we thro' all this troublous Life have
passed,
An Angel voice shall say in tones sublime,
"Ah, now you've come at last, dear one, at last!"

THE LOVE OF GOLD

Deliver us from the love of gold,
And draw our timid hearts up higher.
What! Shall the story be re-told
Of greed that fills the heart's desire?

Shall he who offered up himself,
And made the land ring with each deed
Succumb to thoughts of earthly pelf,
To such temptation gives he heed?

What noble thoughts the War produced!
What heroes sprang from every side!
Say, shall their minds be now seduced
With love of wealth that cannot bide?

Nay! rather dash it to the ground,
And trample it into the sod,
For a diviner gift we've found
To know that we are Sons of God!

"JULY"

O! the long, long summer days,
When the hot sun's melting rays
Pour upon the earth a blaze
Of scintillating, golden haze,
And the heat, once come, just stays,
And we lounge about and laze,
Almost wondering if it pays
To indulge in any craze!
Rather would we sit and gaze
At the hawthorns and the bays,
At the red earth's dried up clays,
At this glorious summer phase
Of these halcyon summer days!

TO MARION BUNNER

I have a friend far off, across the Sea,
Whose face I have not seen—nor heard her voice,
And yet she knows to make my heart rejoice
By all the words she pens so gracefully!

She has not seen me! But she reads my thought,
The very soul, and the best part of me,
And so our Friendship grows all quietly
In devious ways—like Love itself unsought!

I am not sure that we shall meet on Earth;
Wide miles of ocean stretch between us here,
And distance parts—tho' heart to heart draws near
In a Communion of sweet Heavenly Birth!

But this I do believe—for God above
Our best of Friends is hidden by a Veil,
And yet full trust in Him doth e'er prevail
To lift our hearts, and strengthen them with Love!

That every friend, who sees the best in us
A treasure is, to value, and hold fast!
And may be in Eternity at last
We'll find perfected there, what started thus!

THE THRUSH

How patiently that thrush sits on the lawn
Out yonder—underneath the pink hawthorn;
The world to him seems such a strange big thing,
For truly he was only born this Spring!

Vast is the Universe in which he's placed!
He's joined a company which long has graced
The world with sweetest melody and true—
O Thrush, teach me to be a Singer too!

THE CUCKOO

O, Cuckoo Bird thy well-known voice
Ne'er fails to make our hearts rejoice
A sudden cry. "The Spring is born.
Past for the year the months forlorn!
'Mid blowing grass and hedgerows sweet,
Where cowslips pale, and the lambs' feet
Are wandering—it's true! it's true!
I've also come! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
My heart throbs glad! The sound is clear.
That Cuckoo note I love to hear.
Again, again, 'twill thrill the air
With resonant vibrations, where
All other birds, and men as well,
Pause just to hear the Cuckoo tell
Its much loved story. "Here I come
From some stray unaccustomed home!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! All's well, All's well!
The spring is here, 'tis this I tell."

THE OPTIMIST

Of all the people in this world I love
There is none dearer than the optimist!
His thoughts seem ever rising up above
The sorrows of this world—so dark in mist.

His bright and shining face is like the sun,
Irradiating cheerful, happy beams,
And when the sorry tale you tell is done,
He answers, "Nay! 'Tis better than it seems!"

His friends are many—they are everywhere;
They look to him for comfort on the way,
And in his mind I think he must prepare
A new and cheering word for every day!

Whoever saw a dull and darkened sun?
(Except that day we had a part eclipse!)
And truly now when all is said and done,
I'm sure the Sun must be an optimist!

NATURE A BOOK

All Nature is a wond'rous book,
Where he who runs may read,
And he, who therein most will look,
Shall learn with greatest speed!

Each day, each month we turn a page,
Which bears a lesson new,
And as with passing years we age,
Our thoughts should be more true.

All Nature is a wond'rous book,
With pages ever fair—
Seek you a sheltered, quiet nook,
And commune with her there!

SNOW IN MARCH

A most unwelcome surprise
Thou gavest to our eyes
O snow, on this March morning!
When the birds should wake to sing,
And enchant us fluttering,
Thou givest them cause for mourning!

O! say what dost thou here
At this time of the year,
When Spring should be adorning,
And pouring out her beauty?
Methinks 'tis not thy Duty
Her efforts to be scorning!

O snow we want thee not!
Far rather something hot
Would help along the flowers!
And we had called it spring-time,
The Birds had hoped 'twas Springtime,
Thou bringest wintry hours!

C H A N G E

Change is the order of the Universe!
We change from day to day.
We look around—Life often is adverse,
Nothing will with us stay!

No day but changeth with the rising Sun,
And each day with the Moon;
The Stars a different sky each night behold—
The scene has altered soon

No clouds remain—the flowers spring and die:
The trees are varied too.
Men perish; buildings fall, and ruined lie—
The sea's not always blue!

Old friends pass on: new ones succeed them here.
Our plans are altered by
Fresh circumstance—we meet it with a tear
Or smile alternately.

Yet One alone there is, who changeth not—
He ever doth abide,
And we can turn to Him, when sad our lot,
Or if our footsteps slide.

For He has ordered change, and 'tis His Plan
This great variety!
Here in this lovely World, there is no man
Need feel satiety!

THE POET

Sleeping upon his couch the poet lies
Till dawning day cries to his soul "Arise!"
Then lured by Phoebus out into the fields,
He strolls to see what noonday harvest yields.

Sleeping upon Life's path a man may be,
Yet if his soul wakes not her God to see,
All blindly shall he pass, and miss the light,
Which otherwise had made the days so bright.

A VERY HOT DAY

Slowly, wearily drag the hours beneath the sun's
hot ray—

Another scorching summer sun has poured on
on us all day
Its blazing beams, and driven men in crowds
triumphantly
To fly before its might, and seek the shade
where'er it be

Breath'less they toil—the ones who must—under
the burning sky;
The sweat from brows is pouring down, and
wearily they cry,
“Yes! we must work—’tis God’s decree—all men
beneath the sun,
And suffer must the women, too, until God’s
Will is done!”

But in this blazing furnace of life, the dross is
melted out;
The Gold is cleansed, and it remains, of this there
is no doubt.
So when the sands of life are run, and all the
tale is told,
In the crucible remains behind only the purest
gold—

Thus tried by fire and melted down, purged from
all marring dross,
Cleansed from the sin of selfishness, and taught
to suffer loss,
So in this great, great world of God’s the sun may
shine away,
But only God’s own Will shall it accomplish
here today.

U N R E S T

The War is not over! O! not at all!
Though the guns may cease to roar.
There’s a battle raging, where men don’t fall,
And the fight is nowise o’er.

There's a fearful strife betwixt right and wrong
On the human battlefield,
Where the forces gather in endless throng,
Determined not to yield.

And bosoms swell high, and quick words are
said
'Mongst those Brothers who survive.
Far greater Peace belongs to the dead,
Than to those still here alive

So the War in each human heart goes on—
The Battle 'twixt right and wrong—
And we hardly shall know which side has won
'Till ringeth the Evensong.

A BLADE OF GRASS

I sat me down to rest one afternoon
Upon a wooden bench along the way,
And every little growing thing around
There seemed to wish somehow to have its say!

The flowers spoke of love, and beauty too;
The tall trees offered a protecting shade!
The birds in happy freedom sang and flew,
And all the air astir with music made.

One blade of grass in such a countless host
Of other growing grasses at my side,
Sprinkled with rain-drops, there impressed me
most,
And helped to drive depressing thoughts aside.

Even as is that one small blade of grass
In this big world so full of beauty rare
Am I amid a countless multitude
Of creatures God has made—He knows it's there.

And tho' at times lost and forgotten seems
One soul amid a world of other souls,
Yet it is not unnoticed—still of use,
And shall its part play as the Time unrolls?

One sparrow in His sight is precious too.

God knows and loves each tiny thing He's made,
So, thinking, from the seat I then withdrew
To meet my life again all unafraid!

TWO DAISIES.

Two tiny daisies near my door, into the day-
light crept,
And murmured "Twas a long, long time, we
through the Winter slept!
How pleasant is it 'mid the grass to grow up once
again,
To meet the sunshine, and to have our faces
washed by rain!"

Two little crimson collars wore these daisies neat
and white,
While their fair golden hearts of yellow gleamed
in the sunlight!
I almost fancy they were twins, they looked so
much the same,
And seemed to have come early here to watch
the New Spring's game!

A ROYAL LADY.

There is a story little known I ween,
Tho' true—of Mary, England's noble Queen,
When as a girl at Richmond Park she dwelt,
And often in the early morning knelt
Lowly before God's Altar, there to take
The blest Communion, her devotions make.
A crippled girl came also at that hour,
And needed help—just some one who had power
To guide her steps, support her trembling frame,
When to the Altar steps she humbly came.
And thus it chanced that our most gracious Queen,
By other worshippers was often seen,
Delighted this small service to bestow
On one who needed it, and suffered so.
And it became her custom often there
To meet the invalid, and from her chair
With kindly thought and arm, support her up
To where the Holy Bread and Sacred Cup

Were handed to them both by the same hand—
So England's future Queen would humbly stand
Beside the cripple, helping her each morn—
They came together by the same hope borne,
To lift on high their hearts, and hopes upraise,
Both kneeling at this Service to God's Praise.
Methinks that many of her subjects will
Delight to hear this tale of her, who still.
Is bent with the good King to help all men,
And bravely has she filled her part since then.
Those were the early days of golden youth,
Their promise has been well fulfilled in sooth.

TO QUEEN MARY.

O! joy and rapture unforeseen,
To think that I should please a Queen!
To think that any words of mine
Should cause those kindly eyes to shine!
On doing good my thoughts were set,
And not on Crown, or Coronet;
And yet, my God, who watches o'er
The richest, and the humble poor,
Allowed a wreath to fall on me—
The Laurel wreath of Poesy!
And I may lay it at the feet
Of any lofty soul and sweet,
Who loves the noble and the true
In life, and so, great Queen, to you
I sent this humble offering
On a fair day, in May-time Spring
And lo! it favour found, and so
Rejoicing, gratefully I go,
And thank my Muse for all those words
"In Summer Songs Among The Birds!"

TO H. M.

We wander here 'mid earthly night,
But thou hast scaled the ramparts bright,
Which crown the heights that just divide
Us from those on the other side.

Their faces to behold again,
Their radiant graces now made plain,
Ah! what a dazzling sight must be—
Those beings in Eternity!

How joyful there the meeting fair
Of those who breathe the Heavenly air!
Our highest bliss would darkness be
Beside what now awaiteth thee!

We all seem lost in Earth's sad mist,
But thou dost climb the heights sunkist,
While in the valley we reside—
A little longer here must bide!

Still we can lift our thoughts above
To where exists that perfect Love,
And calmly cry, amid our pain,
'Tis certain we shall meet again!

K I N D R E D .

I am one with the birds of the air;
I am one with the waves of the sea,
And the Spirit that rules everywhere,
Knows what secrets they whisper to me!

I am one with the stars of the night;
I am one with the clouds as they go,
And the Moon with her silvery light
Finds me watching her closely below!

I am one with the leaves of the trees;
I am one with the blades of the grass,
And each zephyr—each swift blowing breeze,
Tell the union, as onward they pass!

I am one with the field of the corn,
And the swift ripening ears of the grain,
Like a Sun would I shine every morn,
Bringing joy to the Earth in its pain!

I am one with Humanity's surge
In the swift rolling cycles of Time,
And I feel with my Brothers the urge
Of each fresh inspiration sublime!

I am one with my Father above,
For He made me, and I am His child,
And there's nought can divide from Christ's Love,
Tho' to Earth for a time I'm exiled.

THE DIVINE RADIANCE.

O Being Supernal,
Great Master of Light!
Thy Word is Eternal,
Thy Majesty bright
Enfolds us and holds us
Beyond all we know—
We fain would escape it—
It dazzles us so!

It radiates splendour,
And drives off the night;
O'erwhelms us with grandeur,
And gladdens our sight.
Tho' sorrow may bend us,
And illness lay low,
Thy Mercy shall lend us
New strength as we go.

THY PRESENCE.

When I come into Thy Presence, all my being
seems to quake!
Wild throbs my Heart, with fear I'm shrinking,
and my knees begin to shake,
For Thou art so great a Being, I am such a weak-
ly child,
And the Way is often dark and dreary, long, and
bleak, and wild.

Could we but more truly picture, see Thee, Christ
as now Thou art—
A compassionate, tender Helper, stooping to each
stricken heart,
Full of radiance, grace, and power, knowing
what our weakness is,
Sorrowing for all our sorrows, longing for our
greater bliss.

Then I think with stronger courage, we should
tread the Path each day,
Knowing Thou, our great Example, also hadst to
tread the Way;
Hard and sorrowful, and thorny, but with love
Thou didst it tread,
Triumphing o'er all so greatly, rising even from
the dead.

And the Laws of God expounded for our knowl-
edge, for our ken,
And to humble souls propounded ways for bet-
terment of men.
Surely then the only way for mortals peace to
find, and love
Is to watch this noble Figure living still for us
above,
And to follow, humbly seeking that we may His
servants be,
Free to serve Him, and adore the One who said,
"O follow me!"

A NEW COURSE

The day is ended.
Our prayers have blended
With those of all humanity.
They have ascended,
By Angels tended,
To where all creatures bow the knee.

And we fold our hands
With the Spirit Bands,
Who watch around us every day.
For from many lands,
And from distant strands,
They come to watch us as we pray.

No need for fearing!
Let doubts be clearing
Out of your minds this happy night.
A new course steering,
And all hearts cheering,
We'll start tomorrow to do the right!

TOWARDS THE LIGHT

O! turn your faces ever towards the Light:
Leave darkness and the gloom of life behind!
Smile, help to make the world more glad and
bright:
Keep cheerfulness and courage in your mind!

The world has need of all best gifts just now,
Striving is she towards a higher goal,
And we must change to higher aims the low,
And lift towards happiness each struggling
soul!

Turn to the Light! and leave the dark behind:
Ask blessings, and bestow on others too,
So shall we please the dear God, Who is kind,
And make Earth Paradise, as we pass through.

ONE FIGURE

When the shadows dim are falling
Round our path, as ends life's day,
And we sink exhausted, calling
For a Helper—a Mainstay—

O! what Figure meets us, standing
Clear and bright before our eyes?
'Tis the glorious Christ commanding—
He, the Master of the skies!

When all friends are distant, failing
To surround, or help at all,
One there is, whose all-prevailing
Figure meets our fainting call.

Work for Him then, daily, children,
While ye have the strength to do,
And when powers all desert you,
Christ will meet and bear you through.

HE EVER DOTH ABIDE

Sonnet

All things around us change from day to day,
 Yet One there is, who ever doth abide,
 Nor will He let our wav'ring footsteps slide,
 If we turn to Him trustingly alway,
 And on His Mercy all our fond hopes stay.
 Then shall the River of our life here glide
 On happily, the sweet green fields beside,
 And gently lead us His Word to obey!

Fear not O little flock, for 'tis His pleasure
 To give you benefits no man can measure,
 And all His Love He would on you outpour,
 Blessing and comforting for evermore!
 His is a Kingly, all-providing State,
 So make petition. do not hesitate

UPWARD

Flowing, flying, soaring upward
 Go my thoughts, O God, to Thee,
 Seeking ever for improvement,
 Growing towards Eternity.

Toiling, agonizing, suffering,
 Stays my body on this Earth,
 Learning from my fellow-beings
 What is their intrinsic worth.

"Give me freedom, rest, and comfort!"
 Often cry I unto God,
 And he answers, "If ye trust me,
 Lightly then will weigh the Rod!"

"Light the yoke: my burden easy!"
 Were the Words of One Who knew;
 Yet His enemies would kill Him:
 Him upon the tree they slew.

Wonder-making, awe-inspiring
 Came His Presence back again—
 "See I live, and love you, children,
 I have died to save all men!

“Died, and risen—now am Mighty,
Deathless is the Form I wear;
Follow Me, and fear not, loved ones,
Ye also a cross must bear.

“Ye shall conquer, and receive it,
Blessed Life Eternal have.
I am with you always, always,
Even to the earthly grave.

“But your Spirit free, immortal,
Follows Mine to realms above,
Where a glorious, Mansion’s portal
Opens out for you in Love!”

TO-NIGHT

Angels are watching above thee to-night.
Ne’er shall Thy Father lose thee from His sight;
Wander ye may, yet the path will lead back,
Devious and winding, but still to the track.

Angels are watching and guiding thy ways;
Fear not to thank them, and ever to praise.
Unseen by thine eyes, still their Presence is near
Thoughts of their friendship shall comfort and cheer.

Fear not though darkness spread over thy light;
Care not if dim and bewildered thy sight,
All will be well, when the morning returns,
And through the darkness a new sunrise burns.

THOU SEEST ME

Thou seest me! When all the world has gone
Away, and darkness covers wide the land,
And I in solitude am left alone,
There still is One the heart to understand!

There still is One whose ever watchful eye
Is o’er those places dark, where I must tread,
Who says, “Dear child, unto Thy God draw nigh,
And Angels shall protect thee overhead!

Strange trials new, and unexpected rise
Upon my path, all unforeseen each day.
My heart is wounded, and my startled eyes
Look out upon a drear, and saddened way!

Best friends are stricken low, and illness comes,
And darkness broods upon the newborn day,
For desolation reigns in many homes,
But Conscience whispers softly, "Let us pray!"

"Thou seest me!" tho' falls the darksome night,
While stars and shadows both look from above!
And knowing all is well within Thy sight,
That Thou wilt guide, I yield me unto Love!

PAIN

Whene'er we wander from th' accustomed path,
We must reap suffering as an aftermath.
Straight is the path, and narrow is the way
That leads us up to Everlasting Day!

Pain speaks in a mysterious undertone,
But if we lie quite still and make no moan,
She pours celestial wisdom on our hearts,
From which a fount of healing often starts!

ONE MORNING

O morning of fulfilment rich and rare!
The dawn on which my Love will come to me!
With rapture I behold the sunshine fair,
The verdant green on every budding tree.
The sky is clear; the air is full of sound
With gentle noise of Birds and Lambs around!

O morning in my heart, how calm art thou!
How still and peaceful all is and serene!
I wait with expectation on my brow,
And happiness mixed in with hope between.
My Nature, and God's Nature all in one,
Are harmonizing in sweet undertone.

One little flock of Birds by hedgerow sweet
Rise scattering apart into the air.
My thoughts like them are rising fast to meet
Thy thoughts, and speech would fain express them
 where
In too great numbers they surpass all words!
Ah! yes, they do resemble flocks of Birds!

OUR GLORIOUS DEAD

They come in phalanxes of light
To watch us from afar! Our dark Earth night
Seems something they are glad to leave behind,
For now they see so clearly. We are blind
To half the glories, which their happy souls
Enjoy from day to day, as on time rolls,
And waiting just till we can join them there,
They breathe for us, and with us, many a prayer.
 Our Glorious Dead!

But O mistaken word!—there is no Death!
Passing from here in moments quick as breath,
They find themselves within the Realms of God;
They leave an outworn frame upon the sod,
To meet a strength supreme and perfect too—
A living ecstasy, that's more than you
Or I can ever realize on this Earth,
For they have passed beyond to Heavenly Birth,
 Our Glorious Dead!

And as they backward gaze at Earth's sad star,
Like blessing and caressing, words from far
Come to us, borne from Spirit Life beyond,
Triumphant echoes of their love so fond.
"We are not dead! We live, and still are near!
Open your minds to perfect Heavenly cheer.
We see you and your hearts shall yet rejoice!"
Falls thus upon our ears a soothing voice.
 O Glorious Dead!

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS LIFE.

How beautiful is life, when every hour
 Is filled with some new joy! Some fragrant flower
 Springs on the path, and we may gather it
 Unhindered by a sad and troubled spirit,
 While all untouched is yet the silver cord,
 The golden bowl not broken by discord,
 Nor marred by too much contact with the strife—
 How beautiful is life!

How beautiful is life, when Love's young dream
 Is not yet shattered by the things that seem
 Unconquerable, as we older grow
 When difficulties throng about us so.
 For illness, sorrow, death—all shake our lives,
 And us of sweetest solace oft deprives,
 When youthful joys still seem on all sides rife—
 How beautiful is life!

How beautiful is life, when Christ draws near,
 And bids our trembling hearts be of good cheer,
 And we can lay our sorrows in the dust.
 Before Him—leaving them, indeed we must,
 If we would travel ever on the Way
 That leads to brighter things—to brighter Day,
 And win the prize He gives—Immortal Life—
 How beautiful that life!

UPON THE HEIGHTS.

“Yonder upon the Heights He walks!” they said,
 And I with eager longing raised my head
 To see if I perchance might see that face,
 Beauteous and peaceful, radiant with all grace,
 Of which so often in the past I'd thought,
 And prayed and worshipped—followed after—
 sought.

....

It seemed elusive—something came between,
 And always some new prospect of Earth's scene
 O'ershadowed that for which I'd keenly craved—
 To see the Saviour's form, the One who saved,
 Nor have I yet achieved that longed for thing—
 To gaze upon the face of Christ, my King!

T O - D A Y .

To-day is mine! Far down the coming years
I look to see—they may be full of tears,
But just this little space of time—to-day—
Is mine to make it what I can and may!

The Will of God through me to manifest,
To see that all around me here are blest
With joy and peace—that is my work to-day,
To show full trust, all murmurings to stay.

To walk, to talk, to think and act, and do
As always in God's Presence, this for you
And me is occupation quite enough!
I do not think we'll find this pathway rough!

UNITY OF NATIONS

There dwells in us a spirit all God-given,
A something greater than we know or ken;
The Soul has come to earth from highest Heaven;
The Spirit leaves its God to dwell with men.

One Father—One Creator—One Almighty
Maker of Earth—Ancient of Days—a King—
A ruler of the Universe, and Mighty
Is He who madeth every living thing!

And we his children are—His own Creation,
Far dwellers over every land and sea.
Like brothers should be every separate nation,
And all to one great Spirit bow the knee.

Down with dissension!— Cut out sore divisions!
Remember all humanity's descent,
And let high hopes, and prayers, and ideal visions
With daily duties, and with toil be blent.

Remember that we sons of God are truly
One Father made, and knows and loves us all
Then let us live and thank Him righty, duly,
And worship Him—all creatures great and small.

AT THE FOUNTAIN

At the Fountain! at the Fountain
Come, O friends, renew your strength,
Ere you try to scale the mountain—
Ere the valley shows at length

Come where grace and dews refreshing
Comfort every striving soul,
As it onward goes progressing,
Daily nearer to its goal.

What that Goal is? Who shall tell us
What and where it may be found?
Onward, fellows, you will know it
When your feet touch holy ground.

To be Christians in all fulness,
To develop Christlike lives—
Such the Goal, O comrades, standing
On ahead for him who strives

And one mighty, loving Teacher
An Example sets to all,
And there is no Name save Jesu's,
Which perfection doth recall.

So be constant, and be working
Every day to follow Him.
No hard task or sorrow shirking;
Keep your lamps from growing dim.

SOWING AND REAPING

O, magic words! that speak a truth,
Which we see carried out in sooth,
Through all our daily living here
Through times of sadness or of cheer.

When little actions, done with care,
Return in gladness everywhere,
And yesterday's small, loving thought
Reveals, today, its harvest brought!

That letter which in haste we penned,
Today hath reached a saddened friend,
And from her eye a glistening tear
She wipes, and murmurs, "Thank you, dear!"

The book lent to a studious reader,
For highest Truth becomes a pleader
A magazine, or paper too,
May carry something fresh and new!

The fragrant flower, the luscious fruit
An invalid may please and suit.
The song inscribed in silent hour,
May speak unto some soul with power!

A bit of sewing done in love,
A thought of gratitude shall move,
And when we speak a tender word
Be sure in Heaven it is heard,

While He, Who knew of life down here,
And loved to heal or dry a tear,
And wished to make no creature weep,—
Said, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap!"

HALF ON EARTH AND HALF IN HEAVEN

Half on Earth and half in Heaven,
Live we here to day,
For to live like this is given
To our earthly clay.

Mortal man must tread the pathway
While he sojourns here,
But his Spirit o'er the roadway
Soars in Freedom clear.

Mixture he of man and angel,
Striving to become
Perfect through the great Evangel
Ere he is called Home.

He must join the ever swelling
Pilgrims of the Road,
For the Earth is no fit dwelling
For the Sons of God

Yet within us, and without us
Heaven rules o'er all.
Hearken! while the Spirit calls us!
God is Love to all!

THE ALTAR AT HOME

Make for the Lord within your heart a shrine;
Build there an Altar; let the candles shine
By day and night, for Christ is ever near,
Watching thy struggle, little one, down here.
And if within a Church thou canst not pass
To kneel there at the Altar for the Mass—
The sweet Communion Supper of the Lord,
Know that 'tis written in His precious Word
That neither life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Can separate us from the Love and Light
Of Jesus Christ, Who died that we might live—
So fear not, nor repine, but rather give
Thy utmost strength to filling His behest,
The hungry feed; succour the poor! So best
His will upon the aching earth be done,
And all men happy made beneath the Sun!

GOD EVERYWHERE

I am not limited by time or space,
But count each day a thing apart—my own,
The time to show the world a smiling face,
And draw a little nearer to God's Throne!

I know that pitfalls lurk on either side,
That we must seek to tread the Narrow Way,
But Conscience stands to warn us and to chide,
And Angels whisper softly, "Watch and pray!"

There is no end to what we may achieve!
Eternity itself exists to hold
The heavenly gifts, which we may yet receive,
And Love, itself, each being doth enfold.

God everywhere—around—within—without!
God permeating the whole Universe!
So joyfully arise and cast off doubt,
No dull despair within your bosom nurse.

DISCOURAGEMENT

Just in Thy Way, O Lord,
So would I have it be
Whatever Thou dost choose,
Is surely best for me!

At times, our hearts refuse;
At times our wills grow slack,
But Thy Influence divine
Brings all best feelings back.

How wayward is our thought!
How weak and wavering too!
We must needs oft be brought
To resolution new.

O! when shall we improve,
And ever steadfast grow?—
Not till Thy Perfect Love
Doth raise us from below.

When we behold Thy Son,
With shame we shall recall
How often in despair,
And sinning we did fall!

Still patience, O Lord, must
Thou have with every child
Thou knowest we are dust,
And by the earth defiled.

We long and wish to be
More perfect every one,
But oh! how frail are we,
And how unlike Thy Son.

Yet thro' Thy Perfect Love
We courage take and rise
Onward again to move
Towards "Mansions in the Skies!"

TO CANON DICKINS

Entered into Rest, 30th January, 1919.

He was a friend to many, and we all
Must mourn his loss. He was to great and small
A comfort, and thoughts of his presence kind
Will dwell in memory of many a mind

His gentle heart was both child-like and great.
He knew to sit in dignity and state
In a cathedral, or a church adorn;
He comforted the friendless and forlorn.

In cottages he was a welcome guest;
Full many a good parishioner he blest,
And now he goes to take a well-earned rest!
Peace be with him ! He was one of our best.

PATIENCE

If I might ever choose some virtue fair
To make my own—some gift from Paradise.
Where all the virtues live in God's pure eyes,
Methinks for Patience I should mostly care,
And ask that she, with condescension rare,
Should come to make a dwelling, nor despise
My humble mind, for there, without disguise,
She might reign puissantly, and flout despair!

"Her perfect work!" brave Patience, is so grand
That only he can know and understand,
Who has a lodging given at some time
To her, and folded her within his breast,
Where she in quiet beauty, seeking rest.
Has cast for him a model all sublime!

SUCCESS

What is success? Is it to heap up gold,
To ride in state above one's fellow men,
To see the passing years successive rolled
Up into more than three score years and ten?

Is it to burn the midnight oil in work,
Writing, or wresting secrets from the Earth?
Or wandering unseen, where shadows lurk,
To take from other men something of worth?

Is it to flaunt in splendid gay attire,
Bejewelled and admired by a crowd?
Ah! no, such things are all but a satire,
And so are praises sung too much aloud.

To rise up early with the morning Sun,
To stroll at will among the happy fields,
To see what God hath there in Nature done,
To count the riches that the Harvest yields,

To bear a happy smile upon the face,
To cheer another with a helpful word,
To comfort weaker brothers in disgrace,
To drop a tear when hearts are inly stirred,

To do each day a little deed that's kind,
To fall asleep with hopeful, trusting prayer,
To keep untouched pure innocence of mind,
To know that someone loves us, and will care

To see us come within their open door,
To hear our name spoken with tenderness——
All these small things—and yes!—a thousand more
Would seem to me to make life a success.

TRAVELLING

O! get me my trunk, and my satchel, fair maid,
For I must away, and away.
In the chill grey of morning, "Goodbye" must be
said
By the light of a dark winter's day!

For I would be starting to travel along,
A journey by railway to make,
And while I'm away, I shall write you a song—
Some description of mountain or lake!

So hurry! my satchel, fair maiden, I pray
The very next train I would catch,
And while I'm afar, just keep watch o'er your
heart,
Lest someone from you it might snatch!

O MOTHER BROWN-EARTH

Earth's mighty bosom, heaving every day
To her children giving nourishment and play,
Broad, broad lands, and green fields I seem to see,
Stretching before me, like a boundless sea!

O Mother Brown- Earth, wonderful art thou!
Whirling 'mid spaces, stars around thy brow;
Say, in the future shall we always see
Thee separate standing in Eternity?

Or wilt thou mergéd and submergéd be
By some vast boundless wave of tidal sea?
O Mother Brown- Earth, we have thee to -day;
God knows to -morrow! More we cannot say!

So let us work on, laugh and toil with glee;
Like all young children, nourishéd by thee;
In the far future we may gaze and see
Thee from our new life in Eternity!

A SNOWSTORM

Hundreds and thousands of little white flakes
Coming slowly to earth! the sight of you makes
Us rejoice and compare your soft flight thro' the
air
To the blessings which come to us precious and
rare,
From our Father in Heaven; so quickly they fall,
We scarcely can count them or realize at all
Their number—or value—our thanks are so poor—
We surely shall sit one day shamed at Heaven's
door!

All glistening and white, all sparkling and soft,
To our enchanted sight, they descend from aloft,
They cover the earth with a soft cloud of white,
They dazzle our eyes and bewilder our sight.
Oh! look at the trees turning whiter and whiter,
Dark patches of earth growing lighter and brigh-
ter.

What charm to the landscape! what grace to the
land,
Oh! welcome, fair Snowstorm, your advent is
grand!

SUNRISE

Pearly rose, and cloudlets grey,
Herald the approach of Day!
Blackest night has fled away—
Light has come once more to stay!

See, the rain ceased in the Night!
Floods and torrents—what a sight!
Welcome once more brilliant light.
Cheer us up and make us bright!

Blue and lovely are the skies!
Birds sing out arise! arise!
And with new hope in our eyes,
Once more we greet the Sunrise.

A NOVEMBER GALE

The Gale is blowing fast and strong,
Just see the clouds they rush along!
There's scarce a leaf left on the trees!
They've vanished in this Autumn breeze.

A rush, a whirl goes thro' the air,
And such a whistling everywhere,
A perfect orgie of wild riot.
Alas! for those who long for quiet!

Yellow, and brown, the leaves fly down,
The fir trees with majestic frown,
In coats of rich, dark, lasting green,
Cry, "Such a havoc ne'er was seen."

"Just look at all those silly trees!
Can't even keep their leaves to please
Themselves in winter! Now they're bare!
Our coats are made of stuff more rare."

And so the Gale smiles and goes on,
With air-pressure of many a ton!
Right thro' the town, and out beyond,
To rough the surface of a pond

Which lies outside the pavéd streets,
Just where our town the country meets.
Further than that we cannot say
What damage this Gale does to -day!

THE BROOK

Flowing clear, and limpid ever,
Over pebbly stones,
Down to join the mighty river,
And the sea which moans!

Gurgling, running in the sunlight,
To the coast it goes!
Flow on, tiny stream, and run right
Past the pale wild rose!

Thro' the meadows, and the grasses,
On beyond the weir,
To the right, the white road passes,
But thy course is clear!

Thirsty cattle, flying birdlings,
Of thy wealth may drink.
On a branch above the thrush sings:
Sheep stand on thy brink!

Everywhere refreshing coolness
Thy waters impart!
Even so God's mighty fulness
Comforts every heart!

THE TWINS

Two lovely maidens all in white
Were sitting on a lawn,
Yet in their hearts a gleam of spite
Made them both feel forlorn!

Both loved the selfsame man you see,
And it was awkward too,
For they had lived most happily
Until he came in view!

Returning from the War last year,
He with some friends had stayed
Quite near to them, and it is clear
He flirted with each maid!

So while he lingered there, this man,
Had played with both the twins.
Not knowing which was which, he ran
The risk of many sins!

At times 'twas Rose he loved the best,
But when he knew Anne too
He saw fresh charms, and felt so blest,
He really loved the two!

But this was awkward for, you know,
He could not wed the twain.
So when the time came he should go
He left them both with pain,

Saying he hoped that he should see
Them very soon again,
And left them wishing secretly
That they had not been twain

So Rose and Anne together sat,
Each wondering in thought
What the result had been, if that
Fine officer had sought

The hand of one, and wedded her,
Leaving a twin forlorn.
A slight resentment it did stir
To be so doubly born!

A letter came at last, it ran,
In words something like this
"Oh, lovely Rose, and dearest Anne,
Wish me some wedded bliss!

"I am engaged to *one* fair maid
And we shall married be
Quite soon! I met her when I stayed
At Westgate by the Sea!

'Tis she alone my heart can hold
In single, faithful fee,
For, beauteous twins, now be it told
You always perplexed me

“With double loveliness, and rent
My doubting heart in two,
For when to woo sweet Rose I bent,
Then Anne would spring to view.

“Twas thus I fled, before ye twain,
To Westgate by the Sea,
And there I learned to love again,
So with termerity

“Proposed myself, and now next week
We both shall married be.
Adieu, O Twins! I here must seek
To close with brevity

“To say Farewell I am quite loth,
But oh, sweet Rose, and Anne,
You see I could not wed you both,
Therefore I turned and ran!”

THE STREET LAMP

I'm only an old street lamp, but I've seen strange
things in my time.
If you will listen awhile to me I'll put them into
rhyme.
The things that happen beneath my light would
make you laugh, and go
Smiling, and wondering how on earth can people
behave so!

One night—'twas just before Christmas—I remem-
ber well enough,
The snow was laying about in heaps: the wind
blew keen and rough:
And a soldier dressed in khaki paused, just there
within my glow,
He whistled, and smoked a cigarette, as he paced
to and fro!

“Why tarries the girl?” he whispered low. “What
can have come to pass?
I hope her Dad has not found out, and refused to
let the lass
Come out to say ‘Good-bye’ to-night, ere I sail
across the sea!”
He stamped his feet in the melting snow, shifting
uneasily.

But she came—they met—and their eyes were wet;
they spoke of love again.
The soldier must go, he kissed her so—to say
“Goodbye” was pain
I saw it all, for I am so tall, there, in the melting
snow,
Though it break the heart, lovers must part, and
street lamps give their glow!

Another night—the rain had ceased, and a woman
came along,
Something wrapped up in her arms she bore—
apart from the crowded throng:
A baby sweet (I could see its feet) she hugged, and
laid it down,
With many a tear she called it “Dear,” then hast-
ened back to town!

A stranger, passing, picked up the babe, and pity
touched his heart!
“Come, little one, some heart of stone has left you,
I’ll take your part!”
With loving hands, he removed the bands that
bound, and going slow
Out of my sight, away from my light, these two
passed from my glow!

A man with a sack upon his back, and stealthy
creeping feet,
Laid his booty there, ’twas stolen ware—silver
from down the street!
I watched him with glee, he did not see the police
close up behind!
Soon he was grabbed, and his treasure nabbed—a
sad shock to his mind!

Ah, yes, I could tell some stories well, of things
that I have seen,
By light of my glow, at evening so, and nothing in
between!
Only myself and humanity, stars, and the raging
sea!
The wind that blows is the one that knows what
strange sights come to me!

THE ORPHAN

A tiny mite with outstretched hands—and face
 Looking at us with a beseeching grace.
 See here this child, she is a heritage
 Left to humanity! Upon the page
 Of History her father wrote his name,
 Tho' not emblazoned in a scroll of fame;
 He none the less made the great sacrifice,
 And nobly fell. So should not this suffice
 'To earn our gratitude, who stayed at home
 In comfort, nor were called upon to roam
 The seas, or pass to foreign lands abroad,
 To shed our blood amid the fighting horde!

Before he left, her soldier father said,
 "I leave to England all I have. When dead
 My will can be remembered—short and true!
 The life, O country! which I give to you,
 And my most precious treasure I bequeathe
 Into your care! It is this child! I breathe
 A prayer to God, and, England, ah! to you—
 Take care of her, and rear her that she, too,
 May worthy grow—her share of good to do.
 In this world's sordid, strange—sometimes sad—
 —race

See that she has a not too grievous place!"

Now we behold her, and the melting touch
 Of pity stirs our hearts—for many such
 As she in France and England may be found,
 And where they tread it should be holy ground.
 Let us approach with reverence, and confess
 It is our simple duty just to bless
 Them with the things all needful in this life,
 Whose fathers gave themselves in the late strife!

No War Memorial would better please
 Our fallen heroes than that lambs like these
 Should be provided for, and cared, and kept—
 Dear orphans—treasures of the men who wept,
 And toiled, and suffered fearful agony,
 That we might live in peace and liberty!

THE CHANDELIER

As I was going down the street,
One morning in the Spring-time sweet,
I chanced to see within a shop,
A chandelier which had a drop
Of crystal pendants, hanging down—
A striking object in the town!

Each lovely crystal seemed to show
A tiny rainbow here below,
The light, reflected in the glass,
Was iridescent. I did pass
Before this shop three times that morn
The third 'twas gone! I felt forlorn!

My curiosity was piqued.
Thought I, "Some customer has eked
Out his supply of gas, no doubt,
By buying candles, and without
A chandelier they are no good,
So he bought this, 'tis understood!"

I stepped within the shop to see,
If anyone therein might be,
Who more could tell me of this thing,
And if the article would bring
A good high price, for it looked rare—
A chandelier without compare!

The girl said, "Oh! I saw you pass,
And look intently at the glass
In our fine old chandelier—
Yes! we've sold it—it was not dear!

"The fact is, that where'er it goes,
That chandelier perplexes those
Who purchase it, and it comes back
To us! It has a curious knack
Of falling down in any hall
Or chamber where its placed—that's all!

"My Lady of the Grange, she bought
It once, and certainly she thought,
'I have a treasure! 'tis not dear,
This most artistic chandelier!
And it shall grace my drawing-room,
And there illuminate the gloom!"

"Soon after that she gave a dance!
The shaking of the floor, perchance,
Achieved this most unusual thing,
But with a dash, and crash, and ring,
The lights descended to the floor,
And all the dancers gave a roar!

"The next to purchase it, Sir Mike
Of Arbroath Hall wrote us: 'I like
That chandelier so very much
I bought of you, but truly such
A sad disaster happened when

I gave a feast for hunting-men—
The chandelier came down—a fall—
And frightened us; so will you call
And take it to your shop again?
I'm nervous of it, and that's plain!"

"Once more a lady purchased it,
The wife of Admiral De Wit.
She'd only had it just a week,
When in a hurry she did seek
Us out, and said, 'Pray! will you call
To-morrow at my house? A Ball

"I gave last night. The chandelier
I bought from you (it was not dear!),
But it has fallen to the floor,
And we can't have it any more,
For fear this thing should chance again,
So dangerous, it can't remain!"

"And now it's gone to Lady B.
And we are waiting just to see
If anything will happen there!
We packed and sent it off with care!
We hope it won't fall down again,
It's so uncanny, and that's plain!"

Two days went by, when I did pass
Down that same street where hung the glass
Of iridescent lovely hue,
With the strange story! Now can you
Believe what caused me there to stop?
That chandelier hung in the shop!

LADDERS

What do I see in the Heavens above?
Ladders of Light! Yes, and Ladders of Love!
Reaching down to the Sons of Men,
For them to climb upon, and then,
Up to the heights they will go in shoals,
Rejoicing—and climbing—all His Souls!

Ladders of Gold
For brave and bold
Who dare to mount the sky!
Ladders of wood
For all who could
But are afraid to try!
Ladders of steel
For those who feel
Their work is waiting there!
Ladders of iron
For every scion
Of lineage rich and rare!
Ladders of Air
For such as care
Only for things of earth,
They cannot rise,—
Their half shut eyes
Keep them from Heavenly birth!
Ladders of every kind I see
Rising to God—from Land and Sea!
Climb on them, Mortals, daily climb,
Ceasing never, for passing Time
Carries us all along above,
To Him who awaits us with Welcoming Love!

ROBIN'S ARRIVAL

Oh! you darling little Robin,
I see you upon my table,
Picking up the biscuit crumbs
Just as fast as you are able!
You have come a little early,
For the Winter is not yet,
But the sight of you is cheery,
And it helps us to forget.
Other sorrows of the season,
Which to all is full of woes,

With ourselves we fain would reason,
 Saying that with Winter's snows
 Joy will come again to many,
 And we know that we shall see
 Great rejoicing as our Armies
 Daily tread towards Victory!

BUTTERFLIES

I will arise! I will arise!
 And sing a song of Butterflies!
 I love their little shiny wings,
 I like to see them light on things,
 In garden or in leafy wood,
 On flower or stalk, I really should
 Think that they'd be afraid of rain,
 Lest it should spoil their wings again!

Fluttering, sailing to the sky,
 There goes a lovely Butterfly!
 O, stay, fair creature! Let me see
 You come much closer up to me.
 I long to gaze on those fair wings,
 Such as to you the Summer brings!
 'Tis sweet to see you on the Roses,
 Or sipping honey from the Posies.
 I love to watch you fall and rise,
 Gay, many coloured Butterflies!

THE SMILE

She smiled!—The world for me was lit with joy!
 She frowned!—I feared, and trembled lest annoy
 Of cruel sort had troubled that sweet mind
 Which to the world in general showed most kind!

I wandered up and down the street one day.
 Earth was but earth—mankind were mostly clay.
 And all seemed dull and dreary for awhile
 Until at last I met my sweetheart's smile!

The Universe was changed and full of hope!
 New thoughts sprang to my brain My eyes did
 ope
 To see that after all we're meant for bliss!
 She smiled!—I captured that smile with a kiss!

THE GIPSY KING

It is the story of a Gipsy King
Which I to you, my readers kind, would sing!
A man of high intelligence and travel,
Round whom this curious tale chanced to unravel.

His name, Lavengro, and his swarthy mien
Might rival that of any Gipsy Queen!
He had no wife, but yet he longed to have
A daughter, and for her would gladly save,

And gather up into a goodly pile
His riches in the usual gipsy style!
Which generally consists of jewelry,
Gold rings, and precious stones, or what may be!

One year Lavengro had a curious tale
To tell his subjects who ne'er dared to fail
In due respect of him, their chosen King,
To whom they often brought an offering!

He showed them a pearl necklace quaint and rare,
In size and lustre few gems would compare,
And one big black pearl in the centre made
This necklace quite unique. Lavengro said

That he was passing down a country lane
When something hard against his foot caused pain,
And stooping down he found this necklace there
And seized it with great joy, knowing it rare,

"So now," said he unto his subjects all,
"When I shall bring you home a daughter small
And rear her as my child to be your Queen,
This necklace she shall have! 'Tis right I ween."

Some months elapsed before the deed was done!
Lavengro stole a child, at set of Sun.
The nurse had left her standing by the gate
Of a great house, one evening rather late,

Just while she went to say a word or two
To some person within whom well she knew!
When she returned the baby girl was gone,
And desolation reigned there in that home!

Years came and went, the child grew up most fair,
She travelled with Lavengro everywhere,
Sometimes they strolled across the fields of
France!

Sometimes in Spain would watch the gipsies dance!

Or even see a Bull-fight, view the Ring
The Bulls and Matadors—a fearful thing!
Greatly Lavengro loved this stolen child—
The thought of losing her would make him wild.

When eighteen years over her head had rolled
Presents of jewelry and lovely gold
Ornaments were presented by the tribe,
Who wished their King's good favour well to bribe:

While he himself produced the splendid Pearls,
And laid them on her neck, stroking her curls
“Take this my child!” he cried with some just
pride,
“And wear it till the day you're made a bride.”

On the next day a Bull-fight they would grace,
Ushers found them at once a goodly place,
And there the maiden sat, for all to see,
Wearing the necklace of great rarity!

Then presently a wondrous thing befell!
I scarcely can find words wherewith to tell
The strange coincidence now brought to light,
As King Lavengro watched the great Bull-fight.

A Spanish Countess, happening to pass
Before them, lifted up her lorgnette glass,
And saw the necklace with its huge black pearl
Hanging around the white throat of the girl!

“Why there,” she cried, in great amazement loud,
Before the wondering and astonished crowd,
“Is my pearl necklace, lost oh! long ago,
Full eighteen years since, and full well I know

“It by the Black Pearl in the centre, placed
There by my husband when his house I graced
As a young bride, and his Gift was to me
That necklace fair of such great rarity!

"I lost it in my wanderings oft from home,
And in the following year worse luck did come,
My husband died, my baby girl was lost,
And stolen, so I have been tempest tost!"

A sympathetic crowd shouted in tones
Of anger, "Give again to her who owns
The Necklace, and relinquish the black pearl!"
They tore it from the bare neck of the Girl.

"Perhaps," Lavengro cried, now greatly moved,
"This too may be the baby that you loved!
For I stole her some eighteen years ago,
To be my daughter! Look upon her! Lo,

"Countess, she certainly resembles you,
And if this thing so wonderful prove true,
Necklace and child I lose ere set of Sun,
It is God's will, and justice must be done."

The Countess gazed and gazed, upon the maid
Emotion shook her, but she nobly said,
"Lavengro, you shall keep the child you love!
She hardly knows me, and I cannot prove

"That she is mine, and even if 'tis so
I shall not separate you like a foe,
For it is plain the Maid loves you as Father,
And doubtless to remain with you would rather!

"But I will take the necklace as I go
Away from here—for he who loved me so
Desired me to find it, ere he died,
It was his only present to his Bride!"

Lavengro clasped his child, and said to her,
"Give back the Pearls, my darling, I aver
You are a pearl of greater price than all
The world holds of such gems, both great and
small."

And so the Gipsy King kept his best treasure,
He lavished love upon her without measure,
And when he grew infirm, and dwelt alone,
The maid succeeded to her Father's throne.

THE NEED OF POETRY IN THE WORLD

The world is nourished by its poesy!
 The little child upon its mother's knee
 First lisps those words, familiar all to thee,
 "I lay me down to sleep." O Mother, see
 That its small brain begins the truth to hold
 Enwrapped in magic sentences of gold.
 Sweet rhymes, and words of comfort for its woe
 Shall cheer it on the pilgrimage below

The youth, who loves and woos a maiden fair,
 Addresses her with sonnets if he dare,
 And praises all her charms in poesy;
 Such joy to both of them—this melody!
 He proud to think his thoughts run into verse;
 She rapt with wonder at expressions terse,
 Which seem to make her all at once supreme,
 A fitting subject for a poet's dream

The striving man upon life's battlefield,
 Determined he will rather die than yield.
 Encourages his strength with thoughts so rare,
 Some motto that suggests he "do and dare;"
 Some precept clothed in fair majestic rhyme,
 May rescue him from deep despair in time.
 The old man sings his hymns with happiness;
 He recognizes power to soothe and bless,

Within the folded page of some small book—
 His favorite poet—he often takes a look
 For joy and solace, if the hours prove long,
 And there refreshes all his soul with song.
 Oh, fear not, Poet, you shall live again
 From year to year in grateful hearts of men,
 Who turn to you for comfort at all times;
 So do not hesitate, but make your rhymes.

OF GRIEF

Grief came to me with both her hands stretched
 out
 I said, "Begone!" For I do greatly doubt
 If joy for me is not the better part
 And she shall fill the best of all my heart.

AT A GRAVESIDE

"What makes you think that he is here?" I said
to one who wept—

"Tho' falling rain and tempests wild over this
grave have swept,
Only his bones rest here, for the spirit which
never dies
Found its true home long ago, in Gardens of Para-
dise!"

"Oh! stay not to weep by a grave, when his splen-
did spirit lives,
Make ready to join him again: the Heavenly
Father gives
Us years of time on earth here, not to mourn, but
to prepare
To join again our loved ones, and their perfect
bliss to share!

"Look on the lives around you, and seek to lighten
their pain,
Cast aside all tears and mourning; speak cheerful
words again
The Resurrection waiteth not for some far distant
morn—
The soul that dies, on earth, at once to a new life
is born!

"A garment of glistening whiteness, the Angels
cast around:
Your dear one has risen to brightness—he is not in
the ground!
What folly to linger, and suffer hopeless grief by
the grave,
When he whom Our Loving Saviour came down to
die for and save
Is living, rejoicing, and happy—leading a life more
true,
Watching, and helping, and praising, and he's
always loving you."

TO SCOTLAND

Fair Scotland! so bonny, so grand, and so wild,
Thy name is a glory to each Highland child!
We Southrons admire, and hail thee with love,
Fair sister in language, and sister in Love!

Thy glens and thy mountains, all covered in green,
Or purple with heather, and gorse may be seen,
The stags gallop freely; the birds roam at will;
The salmon are springing in River and Rill!

Thy breezes, and blasts are a part of thy lot!
In Scotland, I trow it is never too hot!
When wintry snow falls it comes floating in glee,
To make drifts and banks—of a deep density!

So when we're in search of a splendid new brace,
We fly up to Scotland, for that is the place!
Where freshest of breezes, and sweet airs do blow!
We adore you, O Highlands, and to you we go!

WHAT SAY THE BIRDS?

What says the Turtle Dove? "Coo! coo! coo!"
The Wood Pigeon answers "Do! do! do!"
What says the House Sparrow? Tweet! tweet!
tweet!"

The song of the Bullfinch too is sweet!
What says the Black Rook? "Oh! caw! caw!"
Caw!"

Give me food! food! food! I want some more."
And what says the Swallow? "Eaves! eaves!
eaves!"

No weather this clever bird deceives!

What cries the Seagull, but "Land! land! land!"
The Parrot mimics "Give me your hand!"
Then the sparrow chirps out "House! house!
house!"
The old Owl is shrieking "Mouse! mouse! mouse!"

A Lark sings "The world is at my feet!"
The blue-tit whispers "Cocoa-nut's sweet!"
Robin Redbreast calls out "Snow! snow! snow!"
The other birds chime in "Make him go!"

The Cuckoo declares "I want a rest!
Let me get into somebody's nest!"
The Ostrich best understands the sand!
Ducks whisper in the pond, "This is grand!"
Turkeys say "Gobble! gobble! gobble!"
Goose mutters "Wobble! wobble! wobble!"
The Nightingale calls out "A trill! a trill!"
The voice of the Peacock is always shrill!
The stork says "Good-even! ma'am, good-even!
I've brought you a Baby down from Heaven!"

THE PEACE

Signed, July 19, 1919

Sign it Nations! Sign it, People! sign it with your
hearts' best blood.
Write it as the preservation of all this world holds
as good!
Wipe away from minds and feelings all desire
for fight or strife:
Turn your thoughts with one great purpose to a
nobler, higher life!

Seek not gain, and seek not glory, nor your bro-
thers to excel,
Rather be for you the story of a life lived pure
and well,
Rather seek to raise your fellows, and to help them
on the Way,
For we all must tread it, comrades, as we march
to endless Day!

Lay aside the sword and spearhead, turn them into
pruning-hooks,
Down with armaments and battles!, Down with
murderous high looks!
Seek for Justice, Kindness, Patience! Toil with
gladness, till your souls
Sweet repose and peace shall find you everywhere
as Time unrolls!

Calmer, purer, wiser, better, let all outward strife
 now cease,
But within yourselves do battle for an everlasting
 Peace!
Then shall God, the One Who made us, draw us to
 His higher world,
Where with saints and angels we shall find all
 strife is downward hurled!

A MOTHER'S LOVE

O Mother! sweetest name that we have known,
Since Memory back to childhood's days hath
 flown,
Thou occupiest, regal and alone,
In every heart a dear and sacred throne!
What sweeter thing is there than Mother's love?
Type of the spirit of our God above!
'Tho' wayward hearts in youth may often roam,
A Mother's love will surely draw them home!
Beginning with that life which God did send,
Following, as on the path of youth we wend,
Helping when under burdens sore we bend,
'Tis Mother's love shall meet us at the end.

THE GARDEN

I know a wondrous garden into which, thank God,
 are set
The most beautiful sweet flowers—from rose to
 mignonette
There lilies tall, and violets small, and roses of all
 hues,
Bloom on from Spring to Summer, fresh and fair
 beneath the dews.

Delphiniums and phloxes, snowdrops, yellow
 daffodils
As weeks go by our eyes console, and all their
 beauty fills
Us with content and gladness, for they comfort us
 again,
When thro' the Winter's sadness we have met all
 sorts of pain!

Geraniums and carnations, eglantine and daisies
sweet
Bluebells and buttercups, and wild rose in one
glad throng meet,
And jasmine, clematis, and honeysuckle climb
the walls,
But the Roses!—ah, the Roses!—their splendour
us enthrals!

The world is just this garden, and the women are
its flowers!
Their beauty meets us everywhere, and fills the
passing hours
With cheerful interest, and with peace, and what
variety
They show these lovely flowers in the world to
you and me!

And some are gay and gladsome with youth's
laughter on their lips!
They taste of all life's pleasures, as a bee sweet
honey sips.
And some are tall and stately, just like lilies—
full of peace—
With consolation for our minds—helping our woes
to cease!

Their number—it is endless; their fragrance—like
the flowers,
And in their homes they stand about like buds in
garden bowers.
God's own blossoms are these creatures—the wo-
men of our land!
Thank God for them—they bless us all—a lovely
precious band!

TO S. E.

Dear Sally from the Emerald Isle,
How winsome is your every smile!
And with what lovely dainty grace
Nature has touched your charming face!

The piquant laugh, the speaking eyes,
The hint of fun which never dies,
The feeling mouth, and shell-like ear—
All these are yours, my Sally dear!

The little hands, and dancing feet,
Formed, all of them, for actions sweet
Ah! I know one who wants to dally,
And linger long with his sweet Sally!

Accept these few short lines, I pray,
And when we meet, on some near day,
Dear Sally from the Emerald Isle,
Greet me with your bewitching smile.

YOUTH

O! Youth, fair Youth looked forth one starry
night
And said, "I see around a wondrous sight,
A world of beauty lies about me now,
And all is mine to know and love, I trow!"
Old age looked forth upon a shifting sphere,
He said, "Ah, me! things are so strange and drear,
How diff'rent was it all in years gone by!"
Then drew inside and sat down with a sigh!

TO SPIDER

When I shall reach that other shore,
This journey done, these trials o'er,
I hope that I shall surely meet
My darling dog—oh, he was sweet!

For thirteen years with us he dwelt.
Our joys--and sorrows too—he felt.
His blessed little loving heart
In all our daily lives took part

No sad complaints, no murmurs fell
From out those lips we loved so well.
His silky coat, by all admired,
Was black, and he was well attired.

He drove with us, or walked, or ran,
And travelled too like any man.
My dearest one, he sat beside her.
All knew and loved him, our dog "Spider."

THE LILIES

One speck of brightness in a dingy street
One bed of whiteness two by three square feet.
One row of lilies filling up the whole.
One thought of God just speaking to the Soul.

One touch of radiance in a whole sad row
Of tiny houses, dull and dark below,
And just a group of lilies white and sweet,
Where fragrance and beauty together meet.

One Angel passing swiftly on thereby,
Leading a pure soul upward to the sky,
Beholds these lilies as he flies along,
And from his lips escapes a happy song.

THE INDEX

Each of us bears an index,
That's plain enough to read:
It tells the story complex
Of character and deed.

This index serves to measure
Our progress as we go.
It speaks of work and pleasure—
How time is passed below.

What write we on the pages
Of Life as it doth flow?
What "contents" for the ages
Will this, our Index, show?

Each hour leaves some traces
Upon the Index sure,
On mankind's countless faces
Its record doth endure.

It speaks of Peace and gladness,
Of friendly attitude,
Of grief, regret and sadness,
Of hope or gratitude

Of joy and triumph surely—
Of love, or loss, or pain,
And it reflecteth purely
Pictures of Life again

I'll tell you where to find it—
This Index to the Life,
For truly nought can blind it
To marks of moving strife.

This Index a man weareth
Each day in the same place
(And for it much he careth)
'Tis just his human face!

A BALL IN THE GARDEN
TO G. G.

The trees are giving a Ball to-night!
They told me so as I passed upright
Between them all in the bright Moonlight,
Along the paths of the garden!

And some will dance with the Hollyhocks,
While others prefer the small white Stocks!
The Sunflowers dress their golden locks
Along the paths of the Garden!

Some of the Roses were blushing red—
They rather thought of the dance with dread,
And had much preferred to stay in bed—
Along the paths of the Garden.

The Lilies had sent for their new frocks.
They towered above the small white Phlox,
Amid the slender, pink Lady's Smocks,
Along the paths of the Garden!

The trees were stretching their arms quite wide—
Each hoped to win on this night a bride
"And won't it be fun," the flowers cried,
"To have a Ball in the Garden?"

Then the Evening Star came out to see,
And smiled on this new festivity,
And she beamed with great benignity
Upon the paths of the Garden!

A whispering breeze rushed thro' the air—
Spreading the news about everywhere!
The night is fine, and the moon shines fair,
And there's to be, O! happening rare,
 A Ball to-night in the Garden!

MARY MAGDALENE

Who is this that comes with weeping—trailing
 golden hair behind?
Scarcely are her eyelids keeping back the tears
 that make them blind.
Drooping form and aspect weary, woe depicted
 everywhere.
Hosts above a watch are keeping, guarding her
 from sheer despair!

This is Mary Magdalene, who of sorrows knew the
 worst—
Torn by sinful passions, stealing out alone to
 slake her thirst
At a Fountain in the Valley quiet—known to few
 but her,
Here alone, in silence feeling far away from the
 world's stir!

Long ago, one night, when starlight gathered o'er
 the sleeping plain,
Here she came for lover's meeting, and since then
 that love is slain!
Now repentance—but no greeting—for her lover
 she doth bear,
One alone has power to move her, One who sees
 her everywhere!

Since she met Christ by the wayside thoughts of
 others fell away.
Who such Majesty remember ne'er can bide with
 common clay?
Who that once beheld Him, knew Him, can to
 others give a thought?
Save by seeking that unto Him they shall to His
 feet be brought

Mary! Mary Magdalene! henceforth ever art thou
 known
 By thy love for One who left behind Him an Eter-
 nal throne!
 Came to earth, here, just to succour such as thou,
 and others too,
 Leading them, by ways unthought of, to celestial
 pastures new.

Happy Mary Magdalene who could'st follow in His
 train—
 Sin forgotten—self unheeded—nothing hoped for
 earthly gain.
 Blessed ears that heard his Voice in mercy bending
 whisp'ring o'er,
 "Yea, my child, thou art forgiven! Go thy way
 and sin no more!"

ST. PAUL

One who was chosen as a mighty Teacher,
 Who knew and followed Thee along the Way—
 Gifted with power—made into a Preacher,
 Is Paul remembered in the world to-day.

One who saw a light all about him shining,
 Listened, and prostrate fell, and heard a Voice
 Coming from heaven—partially divining
 Miracle, and wonder—making him rejoice.

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest Thou thy Master
 Is it not hard to kick against the pricks?"
 Tears of repentance falling faster, faster—
 Thy soul the dust in self-abasement licks.

Rise and be going! Work for thee is waiting!
 On towards Damascus lies thy darkened way.
 Nought of thy zeal thou needest be abating;
 Only the end is changed by this to-day.

Thou shalt be preacher for Me to the Gentiles,
 Carry a message—precious, wide, and far;
 Sail stormy seas, and tread on poisoned reptiles.
 No earthly dangers need thy journeys mar.

For thou art chosen—listen, Saul of Tarsus..
To the great spreading of My Gospel wide;
Writing and speaking, make it ever known thus,
And this is work for none but thee beside.

Tarry not! Onward to thy way appointed!
All must thou suffer for sake of My Name.
Saul is a vessel—chosen and anointed.
Angels are watching—knowing of the same!"

So Paul arose from seeing of this vision—
On to Damascus led by other men—
Weighing in mind the new and great decision
Which he must take for work and preaching
—then

No longer Persecutor, but persecuted,
No longer free to follow his own will.
Bound by a conscience—a plan executed—
All he could do—to listen and be still.

Are we not also possibly selected
Some special mission on this earth to fill?
By prayer and searching it may be detected—
Christ, with a message, shall our beings thrill.

Not Paul alone, but every human being
In some past time has persecuted Christ.
Then at a crucial moment came the seeing,
And he was called upon to keep a tryst

With his Redeemer—change his whole outpouring
Of thought and action to another line,
Silence and blindness—then a great restoring
And a devotion to this work Divine.

So, Saul of Tarsus, thou wast an example!
Yea—and a type for all humanity!
First, guiltiness, and then a true ensample
Of what all men should seek and strive to be.

EASTER SUNDAY

Now, once more, the Dawn is breaking!
Thro' the clouds we daylight see!
Easter Sunday comes again; O day of glad festivity!
Day of blessing, hope confessing, gratefully we turn to Thee!
Thou hast risen, O Our Saviour, yet returned with us to be!

Miracle of wonder, pouring o'er the fainting human heart!
Death by Life is conquered! soaring upwards may the Angels start.
They have witnessed and beheld it; seen the Resurrection Morn,
Stones and tombs could not withhold Him,
Who would rise, our King—new born!

Glory, glory hallelujah; sing God's praises now and aye
We shall rise, for He has risen on this gladsome Easter Day.
Christ, our Master, calls us, saying, "Look! Behold Me with your eyes,
Children, I, who died to save you do up from the Tomb arise.
I have conquered Death, and mighty is My power now to save.
Yea, from Death the sting is taken, and all Victory from the Grave!"

Glory, glory, hallelujah! on this happy Easter morn,
Sing we too, with angels praises, to the Prince of Peace new born.
Nothing daunted Him, no suffering was too great for Him to bear
By His mighty love He conquered, and His triumph now we share.
Perfect ecstasy of rapture fills our hearts as we proclaim.

Satan falls, for God is mighty, sing glad praises
to His Name!
Easter-tide is once more with us, Resurrection's
mighty power.
Hail! great God, awake within us, manifest Thy-
self this hour!

OF SHAKESPEARE

Will Shakespeare, whom the world has known
For nigh four centuries at least,
To all Mankind has now been shown
Of Literature the great High Priest!

Simple his origin! His mind—
Inspired straight from source above,
Nourished by flower, wood, and wind,
Enriched by thoughts of human love—

Knew yet by some mysterious power,
To picture every earthly scene:
Imagination—Fancy's dower—
Taught him of all things that had been!

Before him History unrolled
Her pages bright, or sad, or gay,
For heroes he the death-knell tolled,
For ladies sang a bridal lay!

No theme too varied or too wide!
Touched by the magic of his pen,
Soldiers, their chargers quick bestride,
And armies take the field again!

Lovers dispute, or fairies glide,
Lawyers discuss, and fools may jest!
Martyrs lay down their lives, or bide
Lingering in prison—unconfest!

Portia may plead, or Shylock rave!
Philosophers discourse at will.
From childhood's cradle to the grave
Great Shakespeare leads and dazzles still

With rhetoric, and with words so fair
 We need them in our daily life.
 His gay world we with others share,
 Our language with his speech is rife.

Next to the Bible, mankind take
 Sweet Shakespeare's sayings most to heart.
 Enshrined within us all they make
 Of earthly life a heavenly part!

ON MILTON

Milton—so blind— and yet so great!
 His mind surcharged with power profound,
 Monarch of language fair he sate
 Wielding a sceptre far around!

That brain, his great Creator's gift,
 Was bent on serving all mankind!
 Within what scenes would pass and shift,
 Tho' outwardly, men called him blind!

Visions of Angels, or of men,—
 Gardens where Eve and Adam trod,
 Ladders he planted, where again
 Souls might ascend upward to God.

Sights for the eyes of others he
 Provided, tho' he sat in dark!
 And when he called for melody,
 What answer came there? Listen! hark!

Paeans of music! Language burst
 Like fountains from the clouds above,
 To satisfy the mental thirst,
 And teach a hungering world to love!

PILGRIMS

A Pilgrim on this wond'rous earth am I,
 And just a traveller 'twixt it and the sky
 From day to day I mark a milestone passed,
 And often say, "Why, here's the week at last
 Completed, and another Sunday come,
 For rest and happiness within the home."

A number large of Pilgrims travel here,
They must go on and move from year to year,
No permanent abiding-place is found
On any portion of this big earth-ground,
And some are travellers, clad in furs and silk,
While some wear rags and tatters, and such ilk!

But deep within each heart! Oh, look within
The mirror that reflects or joy or sin!
Some smiling faces happily do glow
Behind the poorest garments as they go,
Some vestures rich and costly, and so fair,
Hide feelings that are mingled with despair!

And only One who looks beyond all these
Can tell which Pilgrims most do serve and please!
So count your stations, friends, as on you go,
From Childhood up to Manhood, travel so
That as you go along you're sure to find,
The weary, duldest places left behind.

And keep your inward Mirror clear and bright
For joy, reflecting cheerful, happy light,
So shall you cheer all other Pilgrims who
May chance to travel the same road with you!

ON DARKNESS

Darkness is to the World a tender cloud
Coming our senses often to enshroud;
When we are quite worn out, and spent with care,
She soothes and heals us gently everywhere.

Oh! who would not rest quietly awhile
Beneath the shadow of her wings? Beguile
A few short hours—link them with repose—
Then start again for better work! Who knows

The power of darkness to refresh and soothe,
The rugged lines of sorrow, too, to smooth
To-day the tears of agony and sorrow—
To furnish strength for work again, the Morrow!

Yes, Darkness and her lovely sister Light,
Both claim our gratitude; for is not Night
The time in which we prayerful vigil keep;
"He gives to His beloved in their sleep!"

Oh, weary eyes! Oh, tired strained brain!
How gladly do you welcome night again.
How gently darkness throws a veil o'er you
To bless and heal, to comfort and renew.

PRAYER

Prayer is the soul's deep communing with God.
We follow where the Saints and Martyrs trod.
We ask for help—we lay our troubles down
Before him who has worn both Cross and Crown.

Within the heart of every child of God
There dwells the yearning to enrich the sod
Of earth below, which he must leave behind,
With something of real value to mankind.

In solemn silence, longing for more light,
The Christian looks towards that inward sight,
Which he shall find alone, but when, and where?
It is indeed the silent hour of Prayer!

TO LILIAN WHITING

O friend, so faithful, tho' so far away,
My thoughts must fly to you on many a day!
Can distance dim the Soul's angelic light—
Shines not your influence like a Star so bright?

When sorrow, or when suffering must be borne,
Your comfort and your guidance less forlorn
E'er makes my heart! Tho' seas may separate,
Who calls you "Friend" proclaims a happy Fate!

Your teaching makes each trial seem more light;
Your counsel guides with wisdom thro' the night!
And to have known you is an education,
Which tends to lead to a more full salvation.

For one who knew, proclaimed the truth in this—
"Salvation rescues us from selfishness!"
"Calamity may prove a light and leading!"
For this great truth you've oftentimes been plead-
ing.

Of all great benefits that man can measure,
To know and love you is the greatest pleasure!

THE COPTIC SCROLL

Deep hid within a vasty pyramid,
Close by a carved sarcophagus stone lid,
There lay for many years a Coptic scroll,
Containing the outpourings of a soul.
It was encompassed by a band of gold,
Just waiting, as it were, to be unrolled.

And nights succeeded days, and days the nights,
While far above in Heaven the great lights
Of Sun, and Moon, and Stars, still poured their
rays

Upon the Earth, all shining to God's praise.
So years passed by, and still that Coptic scroll
Lay waiting for the hand that should unroll.

At last, one winter, floating down the Nile,
On dahabeah, in the ancient style,
(Not the fast steamer of our modern days,
Which no dream life romantic doth upraise),
Came there a Student—one whose quiet ways
Were well in keeping with such halcyon days.

Slowly he paced the deck, and wandered oft
Abroad at night time, while his gaze aloft
Surveyed the stars, seeking in them to find
Some answer to the questions in his mind.
For thro' the misty past, with shadows dim,
There seemed to come an inkling strange to him.

Of years long gone, perhaps another life
When he had passed this way before, and rife
The fancies were that to his active brain
Came surging often, o'er and o'er again.
Sometimes he thought he could remember, too,
A lady fair, whose love he sought to woo.

And days of festival and majesty
Were his, and some great soul felicity
He had experienced, but now 'twas hard
This to recall, for recent years had marred
All such impressions, stamped within his brain,
Nor could he grasp again the joy or pain.

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The dahabeah is lying moored to-day
Beside the mud-banks, and the sailors stay
Upon her decks, and wash them white and clean,
With singing strange, their movements all be-
tween.

And with his friends the Student now has passed
To visit that great Pyramid at last.

The Coptic Scroll shall find its place to-day
Within his hand. He spied it where it lay
Beside the old stone-carved and antique lid
Of a great tomb within the Pyramid.

And now again that scroll belongs to him
Who once before had filled it to the brim
With utterances of poetic lore.

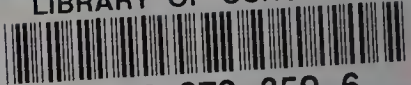
For understand, O reader, that before
In centuries long past, this self-same soul
In a Poet's body did indite that scroll.

He knows it not. Yet his own history past
Shall soon reveal itself as something vast;
And reading o'er each deep prophetic word,
The very centre of his soul be stirred.
And he shall one day know who wrote that scroll;

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It was in former years his own great soul.

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